SICELIDES
A PISCATORY.

As it hath beene Acted in Kings Colledge, in Cambridge.

LONDON,
Printed by *I. N.* for *William Sheares*, and are to be sold at his shoppe, at the great South doore of St. *Pauls Church*. 1634.

SICELIDES,

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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Dramatis Personæ.

Perindus, A Fisher, sonne to *Tyrinthus*, in loue with *Gaucilla*.
Armillus, A Shepheard, and acquainted with *Perindus*.
Thalander, A Fisher, sonne to *Glaucus*, in loue with *Olinda*, disguised and called *Atyches*.
Alcippus, A Fisher.
Pas, A Fisher, in loue with *Cosma*.
Fredocaldo, An old Fisher, in loue with *Cosma*.
Olinda, Sister to *Perindus*.
Glaucilla, Sister to *Thalander*.
Cosma, A light Nymph of *Messena*.
Cancrone, *Scrocca*, } Two foolish Fishers, seruants to old *Tyrinthus*.
Tyrinthus, Father to *Perindus* and *Olinda*.
Conchylio, *Cosmaes* page.
Rymbombo, *Cyclops*.
Dicaus. *Neptunes* chiefe Priest.
Nomicus, An inferior Priest.
Glaucus, *Corce*, } *Muti*.
Gryphus, *Tyrinthus* his man.
Cama, *Perindus* his boy.
Executioners.
Chorus, of } Priests. Fishers.

PROLOGVS CHAMVS.

BEgin, thou royall Muſe, Enuie nere vſes,
To dwell in gentle Courts, or ſacred Muſes:
To begge of them, that common courteſie
Muſt grant; were to condemne both them, and thee:
Thy Came aſſures thee, they will all agree,
Gently to beare their Actors infancy;
Infants oft pleaſe; the choyceſt Poet ſong,
Breeds leſſe delight then th' infants prattling tongue.
Then let me here intreate your minds to ſee,
In this our England, *fruitfull* Sicely,
Their two twinne Iles; ſo like in ſoyle and frame,
That as two twinnes they'r but another ſame.
But this they begge, which you may graunt with eaſe:
That all theſe paines to pleaſure you, may pleaſe.

SCELERIDES,

Act. I. Scen. I.

Enter PERINDVS, ARMILLVS, CVMA.

Perindus.

CVma! beare home our spoyles, and conquering weapons,
And trusse them on a wreath as our iust trophie:
And when *Canerone* returnes, returne to mee. *Exit Cuma*
Thus: if but thus: yet thus my state is better,
While lesser cares do laugh and mocke the greater;
This change is best when changing I frequent,
Euen now that moyst, now this drie element,
When with this scepter, setting on the Land,
The scalie footlesse people I command:
When riding on my wooden horse, I see
The Earth that neuer mooues, remooue from me.
And why my friend doth not this guise beseeme me?
In this I am not wretchlesse as you deeme me.

Ar. Not that I censure, but demande the cause,
Why being borne, and bred, in shepheards lawes;
You haue our Hills, and Downes, and Groues forsaken,
And to these Sands, and Waues your selfe betaken.

Per Shepheard or fisher, I am still the same,
I am a sea gueſt not for gaine, but game.
Ar. A gameſome life? thus with vnarmed armes
To fight gainſt windes, and winters ſharpe alarmes,
And paddle in chill *Neptuns* Icie lappe?
But if in fiſhing any pleſaure be,
In Shepheards life there is much more ſay we.
Per. Yet Fiſhers life with me doth moſt conſort,
This ſporting ſerues to moralize my ſport:
Viewing the ſtormes, and troubleſome waues; I finde
Some thing in nature reſt-leſſe as my minde:
Each captiue fiſh tels me that in deaths ſnare,
My heart is not the onely priſoner.
Ar. Walke along the ſhore——
Oft there he walkes
Oft there with me or with the waues hee talkes.
Per. There in the tide I ſee fleete fortunes changing,
And ſtate of man, weake ſtate: that's neuer ſtanding:
But riſes ſtill, or fals all as the maine,
That ebs to flow, or flowes to ebbe againe.
Yet fortune I accuſe thee not for raging,
Let others plaine, I neuer felt the changing,
Bad waſt thou at the firſt, and ſo art ſtill,
Before I knew what's good I knew the ill:
And ſince of all my goods thou firſt bereau'ſt me,
I neere expected good, thou neere deceiu'ſt me;
Therefore although Oracle from whence
I late ariu'd, would feede vaine confidence;
Yet ſince ſo ſure aſſurance thou doeſt giue mee,
Still of the two fortune I muſt beleeue thee.
Ar. Vaine feare when th' Oracle doth promiſe good;
The heauens decrees by chance weere neere withſtood.
You feare without a cauſe, oft cauſe-leſſe fright,
Is th' onely cauſe that makes that on vs light
Which moſt wee feare, euer a iealous eye
Makes enemies by fearing emnity.

Per. What fearefull tempeſt doe the waues foretell,
When ſeas without a ſtorme to mountaynes ſwell.
Ar. Ill is inuited when it is ſuſpected
And griefe already come where he's expected.
Per. The greateſt euills oft are where thee ſhew not,
I feare the more, becauſe my feare I know not.
Muſicke! how ſad it ſounds; my damped heart
Tells me in theſe ſad ſtraines I beare a part:
I wrong thee fate, or elſe thou now doeſt ſtraine thee
Which ſome vnuſed welcome t' entertaine me.

Act. 1. *Scen.* 2.

Enter Dicæus Neptunes *Prieſt following* Olinda, *led by two Nymphes* Coſma *and* Glaucilla, *before and after a Chorus of Fiſhers and Prieſts ſinging.*

Song.

Go go thy countries ioy and iewell,
The ſeas and rockes were euer cruell;
Men then may pitty thee in vaine,
But not helpe nor eaſe thy payne.
Take then theſe tnares they laceſt due,
For euer now alaſſe adieu.

Olin. *Glaucus*; to thee I frendleſſe maide,
In theſe laſt gifts my vowes haue payd:
Theſe once *Olindas*, now are thine,
This net, and hooke, this rod, and line:
Thou knowſt, why here my ſports I giue thee,
Hence came my ioyes, and here they leaue me.
Gla. *Olinda*, if that ſmiles were proofes of ſorrow,
Sure I ſhould thinke thee full of woe, and ſadneſſe,
but in ſo heaped griefe, when euery eye

Yeilds tribute to so great a misery.
Thou only smilst, why euery teare thou seest, is paid to thee--
Olin. The lesse I need to pay:
Gladucilla I cannot mourne, when I am married.
Gla. Married? now heauen defend me, if this be marriage.
So to be gript in pawes of such a monster,
And bedded in his bowells——
Cos. Olinda I should weepe,
And spend the short'nd breath that fate affords me,
In cursing fate which makes my breath so short.
Olin. Peace peace my *Cosma*, thou wouldst
Haue me mad with reason!
Cos. No: reason is neuer senceless.
Olin. Thinkst thou me sence lesse friend?
Gla. Dost not thou proue it?
Olin. Why my *Glaucilla* I see thy drowned eyes,
I feele thy kinde imbracements, and which thou seest not,
Nor feelst, I feele and see, more mirth and ioy
Spring in my heart; then if I now were leading
To the best bed that *Sicely* affords me.
Glaucilla if there were but fit occasion
That I might shew thee this tormented heart,
It would affright thee friend to heare me tell
How many deaths liue in so narrow Hell.
Deca. We stay too long; goe on these idle teares
Quench not her griefe, but adde new kindled feares.
Olen. Decaus; no feare within this breast is lying.
Who liuing dies, feares not to liue by dying.

Exeunt ad rupem rufam manent reliqui.

Act. 1. *Scen.* 3.

Enter Perindus, Armillus.

Ar. Saw you the troope which past along here?
Per. Yes.

Ar. Who is it ledde with ſuch a mournfull ſhow?
Per. My ſiſter.
Ar. Who the faire *Olinda*?
Per. Yes:
Ar. And doe you know the end and purpoſe?
Per. No:
Ar. Nothing but no and yes? fie fie *Perindus*
Your too much paſſion, ſhewes you want affection;
Your ſiſter in ſuch ſort conuey'd, and you
So careleſſe of her griefe? it much miſſeemes you
Why learne you not the cauſe?
Per. Thou counſailſt well,
Griefe weary of it ſelfe, all ſence depriuing.
Felt neyther ſence, nor griefe, by ouergrieuing: *Enter*
But ſee my *Atyches*: what different paſſions *Atyches.*
Striue in his doubtfull face, pitty would weepe,
And danger faine would rocke high thoughts a ſleepe,
Whiles reſolution chides the daring feare,
And courage makes poore feare afrade to feare.
Atych. Thou God that rulſt the ſunnes bright flaming cart
If thou my grand-ſire art, as ſure thou art
For in my breaſt I feele thy powers diuine,
Firing my ſoule, which tels mee I am thine:
Direct my hand and guide this poynted dart,
That it may peirce, and riue the monſters heart.
Per. Atyches.
Atych. Ah *Perindus* this luckleſſe howre
Bids thee vnwelcome, fly and neuer more,
Neuer approach to view this deadly ſhore.
Per. Why whats the newes?
Atych. Thy ſiſter the fayre *Olinda* muſt die.
Ar. So muſt we all.
Atych. But none of all as ſhe.
Per. Canſt tell the cauſe and manner?
Atych. yes; and till the ſunne
Twixt noone and night his middle race ſhall runne,

The rites will not be finisht; 'tis briefly thus.
Thou knowst by Neptunes temple close their growes
A sacred garden, where euery flowers blowe:
Here blushing roses, there the Lillies white,
Here Hyacinth, and there Narcissus bright:
And vnderneath, the creeping violets show:
That sweetnes oft delights to dwell below:
Vaulted aboue with thousand fragrant trees,
And vnder pa'ud with shamefast Strawberies,
Which creeping lowe doe sweetely blushing tell,
That faireſt pleasantst fruits, doe humblest dwell.
Breifly a little Heauen on Earth it seemes:
where euery sweete and pleasure fully streames.
Ar: Fisher thou now describ'st some paradice,
Can any ill from so much good arise?
Atych: Henbane and roses in our garden growe,
Ah that from fruits so sweete, such gall should flowe!
Here faire Olinda, with her Mymphs arriues,
And time away, time to fast posting driues,
While Nago that deformed enchanter, ranging
Along these trees, his shape and habit changung
Seem'd then Glaucilla, such his statelike eyes,
Such haire, such lipps, such cheekes, such rosie dies,
So like Glaucillas selfe that had shee spide him,
More would shee doubt her selfe, the more shee eyd him
Ar. Can art forge nature with so true a lie?
Atych. The falsest coine is faireſt to the eie,
Singling thy sister forth, they chance to see,
The sacred graft of that Herperian tree,
Whose golden apples much the eye delighting,
Would tempt the hands: the longing tast inuiting:
And now the subtill witch spies fit occasion,
Aud with fitte speech and oaths, and soft persuation,
So words hee mind; that shee (ha little guessing,
What monster lay vnder that faind dressing,
Puls of th' vnhappie fruit straight downe shee falls,

And thirice a thundring voice *Dicæus* calls;
The preist knew what the fearefull voice portended,
And faire *Olinda* halfe dead apprehended:
And to the temple beares her, there reseruing
Till the third day with death payes her deseruing
So *Neptune*, bids, that who shall touch the tree.
With hands profane, shall by *Malorcha* die;
Malorcha bread in seas, yet seas do dread him,
As much more monstrous then the seas that bred him
Per. Ah my *Olinda* who can pitty thee
That wouldst not pitty th' excellent Thalander.
'Tis iust yee seas well doth impartiall fate
With monstrous death punish thy monstrous hate.
And whither art thou now thus armed going.
Atych. Downe to the fatall rocke I goe to see
And act a part in this foule Tragedy.
Per. Why canst thou hope such losses to repayre?
Atych. Who nothing hopes yet nothing ought despaire.
Per. What 'tis impossible? ah cease to proue?
Atych. What euer was impossibie to loue?
Per. 'Tis certaine thou adst thy death to hers
Atych. Vnworthy loue that life for loue prefers
Per. What good canst do when thou canst not restore her.
Atych to liue with her or else to die before her.
Per. 'Tis fate that in this monster bids engraue her.
Atych. And 'tis my fate to die with her or saue her.
Per. In vaine to fight against all conquering *Ioue*:
Atych. But in my hand shall fight *Ioue* conquering loue.
Per. *Atyches* why shouldst thou thus betray thy selfe?
She was my sister, and as deare to me
As euer was a sister to a brother:
Had fate felt any hope, my willing hand
Should be as Prest to giue her ayd as any.
Were not the fight gainst heauen I might aduenture,
But here I needs must leaue her, though a brother
She neuer loued mee.

Atych

Atych. I lou'd her euer.
Per. More ſhouldeſt thou hate her now:
Atych. Can Seas or Riuers ſtand can Rocks remooue?
Could they? yet could I neuer ceaſe to loue:
Perindus, if now I ſee thee laſt, farewell:
Within thy breaſt all ioyes and quiet dwell.
Adiew: *Olinda* now to thee I flye
For thee I liu'd, for thee i'le gladly die,

Exit Atyches.

Per. Goe choyceſt ſpirit: the heauenly loue regard thee,
And for thy loue, with life, and loue reward thee.

Act. 1. *Scen.* 4.

Enter Perindus, Armillus.

Ar. Perindus thou knowſt how late was my arriuall,
And ſhort abode in this your *Sicely*,
And how delighted with theſe accidents
So ſtrange and rare, I haue decreed to make
Some longer ſtay, but ſince I ſaw this *Atyches*
His loue more ſtrong then death, a reſolution
Beyond humanity I much deſir'd
To know him, what he is, and what his country
That breeds ſuch minds: let me intreate you then
At large to giue me all this ſtory
Somewhat t'will eaſt your griefe, iuſt are his paines
That ſorrow with more ſorrow entertaines.
Per. It will be tedious, and my heauy minde
Fit words for ſuch a tale can neuer finde;
Yet I'le vnfold it all, that you may ſee
How beautious loue ſhowes in inconſtancy:
Who hath not heard of *Glaucus* loue? hapleſſe
Whilſt faireſt *Scylla* baths him, loue inſpires
At once herſelfe ſhe cooles and him ſhe fires.

A ſea god burnt in flames, and flames moſt pleaſe him
Glaucus findes neither waues nor hearbes to eaſe him
Cold were his eyes more cold her coy diſdaine:
Yet none of both could quench loues ſchorching flame:
Till Circe whom ſcornd loue to madnes moues
Quenches at once her beautie and his loues.
There ſtands ſhee now a proofe of iealous ſpite
As full of horror now as then delight:
Ar. The fruite of iealouſie is euer curſt,
But when tis grafted in a crab tis worſt.
Bad in a man, but monſtrous in a woman,
And which the greater monſter hard to know
Then ielous Circe, or loath'd *Scylla* now
After when time had eaſd his greife for *Scylla*,
Circe with charmes, and prayers and gifts had wone him
Her loue ſhee reapt in that high rocky frame,
Which euer ſince hath borne faire Circes name:
The Moone her fainting light 10 times had fed,
And 10 times more her globe had emptied:
When two fayre twins ſhe brought, whoſe beauteous ſhine,
Did plainly proue their parents were diuine.
The male *Thalander*, the female calld *Glaucilla*,
And now to youth arriu'd ſo faire they are
That with them but themſelues who may compare,
All elſe excelling; each as faire as other
Thus beſt compard the ſiſter with the brother.
Ar. So liuely to the eare thy ſpeeches ſhow them,
That I muſt halfe affect before I know them.
Per. Vaine words that thinke to blaſe ſo great perfection,
Their perfectnes more proues words imperfection.
But if theſe words ſome little ſparkle moue,
How would their ſight inflame thy ſoule with loue?
Scarce did his haire betray his blooming yeares,
When with his budding youth his loue appeares,
My ſelfe and ſiſter equally he loues,

And as on those two poles heauen euer moues
So on vs two his soule still fixt, still loning
Was euer constant, by his constant mouing:
Yet neuer knew wee which was most respected,
Both equally and both he most affected.
In mee his worthy loue with iust reflexion,
Kindled an equall and a like affection,
But shee my sister most vngratefull maide,
With hate, ah hatefull vice, his loue repaide.
Ar: Cea'st he not then to loue? this sure wee hold
That loue not backe reflected soone grows cold.
Per: No though all spite within her bosome sweld,
Spite of her spite his loue her hate exceld;
At length to shew how much he was neglected,
His riuall vgly riuall shee affected:
Such riuall could I wish whose foule distortion,
Would make seeme excellent a meane proportion,
For *Mago*, thus his hated riuall's nam'd)
All blacke and foule, most strang and vgly fram'd:
Begot by *Saturne*, on a sea-borne witch,
Resembling both, his haires like threeds of pitch
Distorted teete, and eyes suncke in his head:
His face dead pale, and seem'd but moouing lead
Yet worse within, for in his heart to dwell
His mothers furies haue their darkest hell.
Yet when *Thalander* woo'd her, shee neglects him,
And when this monster flatterd shee respects him.
Ar: I'st possible. troth Sir but that I feare mee,
If I should speake some women should ore-heare mee:
Meethinks I now could raile on all their kinds,
But who can sound the depth of womens minds?
Per. Shortly to come to'th' height of all their wrong,
So could this *Mago* fill his smoothest tongue,
That shee *Thalander* banisht from her sight,
Neuer to see her more his sole delight:
And he to none his hidden greife in parted,

But

But full of louing duty ſtraight departed
Leauing our groues in woods he grows a ranger
To all but beaſts and ſenceleſſe trees a ſtranger.
Thus in a deſert like his loue forſaken
When nothing but cold death his flames could ſlacken
Atyches ſpyed him, but ſo griefe had pin'd him.
That when he ſaw him plaine, he could not find him.
And ſo had ſorrow all his graces reſt
That in him, of him nothing now was left
Onely his loue; with which his lateſt breath
He power'd into his eares, ſo ſlept in death.
The reſt when better leiſure time affords
This luckleſſe day askes rather teares then words.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

Who neere ſaw death, may death commend,
Call it ioyes Prologue troubles end:
The pleaſing ſleepe that quiet rockes him,
Where neither care; nor fancy mockes him.
But who in neerer ſpace doth eye him,
Next to hell, as hell defye him:
No ſtate, no age, no ſexe can moue him,
No beggars prey, no Kings reproone him:
In midſt of mirth, and loues alarmes,
He puls the Bride from Bridegroomes arms
The beautous Virgin he contemnes,
The guilty with the iuſt condemns.
All weare his cloth and none denyes,
Dreſt in freſh colour'd liueries.
Kings lowe as beggars lie in graues,
Nobles as baſe, the free as ſlaues,
Bles't who on vertues life relying,
Dies to vice, thus liues by dying.

But fond that making life thy treasure,
Surfetst in ioy, art drunke in pleasure.
Sweetes do make the sower more tart.
And pleasure sharp's deaths keenest dart.
Deaths thought is death to those that liue,
In lining ioyes, and neuer grieue.
Happelesse that happie art and knowst no teares
Who euer liues in pleasure, liues in feares

Exit.

Finis Actus Primi.

Act. 2. *Scen.* 1.

Enter Conchylio solus.

I Haue bene studying, what bold hardie foole
Inuented fishers art, that tir'd with safety,
Would needs go play with waues, winds, death and hell,
The summe of fishers life is quickly found,
To sweate, freeze, watch, fast toyle be starud or drownd.
Well had my Mistris found no better trade,
I would ere this haue left these dabling deities,
But she while other fishers fish on the seas,
Sends me a fishing on the Land for flesh:
No, game arriue's amisse vnto her net,
For shees not borne among the cliffs, and rockes
But from *Messena* comes to sport herselfe
And fish for fooles along these craggie shores,
I tooke her for a Nymph, but shees a woman
A very woman loueth all she sees,
This for his sprightly wit, and that for Musicke,
Him cause hee's faire, another for his blackenesse
Some for their bashfulnes, more for their boldnesse,
The wiseman for his silence, the foole for his bibble babble;
And now she longs in haste for another fat cods-head,

A good

A good fat ſow, and I muſt ſnare one for her
She has (let me ſee I haue the tallie)
Some hundred louers, yet ſtill deſires another
The firſt that paſſeth all the reſt in loue
Is called *Pas:* Hah know you your cue ſo well? *Enter* Pas.
He is a *malum collum*, alas poore foole;
He would engroſſe my Miſtris to himſelfe
He would haue her all alone, let her alone for that
And for that it will not be, he raues and ſweares
And chides and fights, but what neede I deſcribe him
Hee'l doe't himſelfe, come, begin begin.

Act. 2. *Scen.* 2.

Pas Conchylio.

Pas. Who ſowes the ſeas, or plowes the eaſy ſhore?
Yet I, fond I more fond, and ſenceleſſe more:
Who ſtriues in nets to priſon in the winde?
Yet I in loue a woman thought to bind:
Fond, too fond thoughts, that thought in loue to tie,
One more inconſtant then inconſtancy:
Looke as it is with ſome true Aprill day,
The ſunne his glorious beames doth fayre diſplay,
And ſtraight a clowd breakes into fluent ſhowres,
Then ſhines and raines, and cleares and ſtraight it lowres:
And twenty changinges in one houre do proue,
So, and more changing is a womans loue.
Fond then my thoughts, that thought a thing ſo vaine,
Fond loue, to loue what could not loue againe.
Fond hopes, that anchor on ſo falſe a ground,
Fond thoughts that fir'd with loue, in hope thus drownd:
Fond thoughts, fond hope, fond heart, but fondeſt I,
To graſpe the winde, and loue inconſtancy.
Ah *Coſma*, *Coſma*.

Exit

Con. Ah *Pas*, asse passing asse; hah, ha, he:
Fond thoughts, fond hope, fond heart, but fondest I,
To graspe the winde, and loue inconstancy; ha, ha, he,
This foole would haue I know not what, the sea
To stand still like a pond, the Moone neuer to change,
A woman true to one hee knowes not what:
She that to one all her affections brings
Cages herselfe and pinions *Cupids* wings.
Let's see whose the second; O the second
Is an old dotard who though now foure-score
Yet nature hauing left him some few hot embers
Rack't vp in cold ashes, thinkes himselfe all fire and flame
And therefore like the dwarfes
Who though neere so old, yet still consort with boyes
So he among the freshest youth in dancing
In songs and sporting spends his fadish time.
When snow on's head, showes in his eye
With winter lookes giues summer words the lye
His name is *Fredocaldo*; he knowes his name *Enter Fredocaldo.*
No sooner cald but comes what i'st he reads?
Vpon my life some sonnet, Ile stand and heare.

Act. 2. *Scen.* 3.

Fredocaldo Conhilio.

Fre. *I, I am silver white so is thy cheeke*
Yet who for whitenes will condemne it?
If wrinkled, of thy forehead is not sleeke
Yet who for frowning dare contemne it.
Boys full of folly youth of rage
Both but a iourney to old age
I am not yet fayre Nymph to old to loue
And yet woemen loue old louers
Nor yet to waning light, as false to proue
Youth a foule inside fairely couers.

Yet when my light is in the waine
Thy ſunnes renew my ſpring againe.
Pretty very pretty, why yet I ſee
My braine is ſtill as freſh as in my youth.
And quicke inuention ſprings as currantly
As in the greeneſt head: this little diſticke
I made this morne, to ſend vnto my loue.
See, here's a legge how full, how little wayning,
My limbs are ſtill accompanied
With their kind fellow heate, no ſhaking palſie
Nor cramp has tane poſſeſſion, my ſwift bloud ſtreames
Runs quicke and ſpeedie, through their burning channells
Piſh I am young, he is not antient
That hath a ſiluer badge of hoarie haires
But he that in ſweete loue is dead and cold
So old men oft are young, and young men old
I'le take my farewell of this prettie verſe
It is a prettie verſe, I'le reade it againe *Conchylio throws*
If I am ſiluer white and. O ho my ſpectacles. *downe his*
Ah naughtie boy alas my ſpectacles *ſpectacles.*
Con. Ha ha he your eyes *Fredocaldo* take vp your eyes hah, ha, (he.
Fre. Ah naughtie boy alas my ſpectacles
Whether is he gone? O if I finde him
Con. Find mee without eyes? hah, ha, he.
Fre. O my verſes my verſes, *Snatches his verſes.*
Con. A verie prettie verſe: how freſh a braine that made it
If I am ſiluer white and. nay if you'l trie your limbs come on.
Exit Fredocaldo. Enter Perindus.
Farewell froſt: how? *Perindus*? oh how fitly
After warme winter comes a chill could ſummer
This youth in all things is that old mans contrarie
This a cold *May*, that a hot Ianuarie
All my art cannot blowe vp one ſparkle
If I ſhould ſtay hee'd blaſt mee, adue ſol in *Piſes*
Farewell good *Caldofredo*, I muſt after *Fredocaldo*
Exit.

Act. 2. Scen. 4

Enter Perindus Allcippus.

Per. Bles't is that fisher swane that sancke i'th flood
Hee's food for them whom he would make his food.
But I most wretched, who so many yeares
Liue safe in waters to be drownd in feares.
In fire and sorrow like *Titius* is my life
A couerd table furnisht still for griefe.
Hell loue your paines, for all poore soules can proue
Is felt and spoke but thus careless I loue.

Enter Alcipyus.

Alcip. *Phabus* write thou this glorious victory
And graue it on thy shining axel-tree
That all may see a fisher hath done more
Then any age hereafter or before.
Per. *Alcippus* what newes? me thinks I plaine descry
Ioy mixt with wonder in thy doubtfull eye.
Alcip. *Perindus* most happy haue I found thee here
Per. Is't good ah tell me, yet my grounded feare
Pleads hope impossible.
Alcip. Were you away
To the Ecco I had told it, as griefe, so ioy
Prest downe is burthensome, for now I see
Ioy is no ioy if bard from company
Olinda by the Priests enchained-fast
Vnto the fatall rocke downe to the waste
Was naked left, which thus was better dreast
Beauty when most vncloth'd is clothed best:
And now the Priest all rites had finished
And those last words and hidden verses sayd
Then thus he loud proclaimes, who dare aduenture

Againſt this monſtrous beaſt, now let him Enter
And if he conquer by his bold endeauour
This goodly maid ſhall bee his ptize forcuer
Straight was the monſter loos'd, whoſe vgly ſight
Strooke euery trembling heart with cold affright
Some ſweate, ſome freeze, ſome ſhreike, ſome ſilent weare
The eye durſt neyther winke nor ſee for feare:
Heauen hid his light, the fearefull ſunne did ſhrow'd
His glorious eye vnder a ietty cloud.
Per. Saw'ſt thou the Orke?
Alcip. Yes, and my panting heart
To thinke I ſaw it in my breſt doth ſtart.
Per. Can'ſt thou deſcribe it?
Alcip. Neuer tongue can tell
What to it ſelfe no thought can pourtray well.
More bigge then monſtrous *Python*, whom men faine
By *Phebus* firſt was bred, by *Phebus* ſlaine.
His teeth thicke rankt in many a double band
Like to an armed battell ready ſtand
His eyes ſunke in's head, more fearefull ſtood
Like bloodie flame or like to flaming blood
Not any eare vpon his head appeares,
No plaint nor prayer, no threat nor charme he feares,
In ſea and land he liues and takes from both
Each monſters part which moſt we feare and loath,
Soone as he felt him looſe, he ſhakes his creſt
And hungry poſteth to his ready feaſt
And as through ſeas his oares a paſſage teare
The thronging waues fly faſt, and roare for feare.
Per. Me thinks I ſee him and th' vnhappy louer
Strook through with fright.
Alcip. In all their ſhreiks he ſmiles
Stretching his armes, to fight himſelfe compoſes
And nothing fear'd his body enterpoſes
Shaking a dart the monſter he defies
Who ſcorning ſuch a foe to's banquet flyes

But he with certaine aime his lauelin driues
Which as the sender bad at's eye arriues.
And fixt in's hollow sight, deepe drenched stood
Quenching the bloody fire with fiery blood
The wounded monster lowdly gins to yell
If Hell doe speake such is the voyce of Hell,
And to reuenge his hurt he flies apace
The other dart met him i'th middle race
And as along he blindly fast doth post
His way and t'ther eye together lost
Thus blinde he quickly dies, and being dead
Leaues to his foe his spoiles, his pawes his head.
Per. Hercules thy twelue works with this one conferd
This one before thy twelue might be preferd.
Alcip. Perindus then mightst thou haue seene how loue
Is not more bold then fearefull, he that stroue
And conquered such a monster with a dart
To her faire eyes yeelds vp his heart
Ah hadst thou seene how fearefull modestie
Ioynd with chast loue did chide the hungry eye
Which hauing long abstaind and long time fasted
Some of those dainties now would faine haue tasted
Ah hast thou seene which such fit time he got
How loue to much remembring loue forgot
How th' eye which such a monster did outface
Durst not looke vp vpon her eie to gaze
How th' hand which such a bould fight vndertooke
When her it toucht as with a palsie shooke.
As all that saw it thou wouldst soone haue sayd
That neuer liu'd so fortunate a maid.
Most happy such a danger to recouer
More happy farre by hauing such a louer.
And harke the Fishers home the victor bringing
Chant lowd his conquest, his due praises singing.

Act. 2. Scen. 5.

Enter in triumph with Chorus of Fishers and Priests singing Atyches crowned leading Olinda following Glaucilla and Cosma.

Song

Olinda if thou yeeld not now
The Orke lesse monstrous was then thou
No monster to the eye more hatefull
Then beauty to desert ungratefull
Yeeld then thy heart and hand
And sing along this sand
Lone rule heauen, sea, and land.

Per. Atyches how fareſt thou? O let theſe armes inlace thee
Me thinks I hold halfe heauen when I imbrace thee.
Atych. Will *Perindus* goe with vs to the temple?
Per. Moſt willingly and when thou once art there
Then 'tis a temple I may iuſtly ſweare.

Exeunt omnes.

Act. 2. Scen. 6.

Enter Canerone and Scrocca with their boate from fiſhing.

Scr. Yet more larboord! hol vp againſt that waue now ſtar(boord!
Can. I thinke we are vpon the ſhallow
Scr. Hold in *Canerone* I ſmell the ſhore *Canerone falls in.*
Can. Nay by your leaue 'twas I that ſmelt it, for I am ſure my noſe kiſt it.
Scr. Take hold of the ſtretcher, and then faſten the rope.
Can. A rope ſtretch all ſuch bottle-head botemen, had it been

my lot to haue bene Maſter at ſea as 'tis yours, wee had neere taken ſuch a iourney in ſuch a fly-boate, ſuch a ſows-eare, ſuch an egge-ſhell.

Scro. Come helpe to laue her.

Can. Its a true ſhee boote I warrant ſhee leakes brackiſh all the yeare long.

Scr. Will you come Sir you are yet in my iuriſdiction on the water.

Can. Will you ſcale the fiſh ſir, will you bring forth the nets ſir, will you ſpread them vpon the rocks ſir you are at my demand Sir vpon the land, wee'l be knowne in our place (*Scrocca* drinks) is that your lauing.

Scro. Ah ha this is ſomething freſher then *Neptuns* ſalt potion, ſeeſt not what a pickle I am in, but O thoſe *Scyllaes* bandogs (*boughwough*) our boate bepiſt her ſelfe for feare.

Can. I and thou thy ſelfe for companie; faith wee were almoſt in *Thetis* powdring tub, but now *Scrocca.* lets off with our liquor: *Sirrah* halfe to this blew-beard *Neptune*, but he gets not one drop on't.

Scr. I and withall remember the roaring boy *Boreas* (puff puff) hold: you beare your poope too high *Cancrone*, y'ad neede goe pumpe.

Can. So mee thinks my braine is ſomewhat warmer now my wirt gear's on.

Let Neptune rage and roare and ſome
For now Concrone's ſafe at home.

Scr. How now *Cancrone* ! what? poeſied?

Can. Why *Scrocca* is it ſuch a matter for a waterman to be a poet now a daies?

Scr. I but I wonder that in all thy Poems thou neuer madſt an Epitaph for thy grandſire that was eaten vp by the Cyclops.

Can, Ah *Scrocca* I prethee doe not ming my grand-ſire, thou'lt ſpoile my poetry preſently; thoſe hungry ſide ſlops; they eate him vp cruſt and crum, and then kild him too and

that which grieues me moſt: hee neuer ſent mee word who it was that bit of's head, yet ſayth, one draught more and haue at him.

Hee drinkes.

Scr. Nay if one draught will ſerue, he ſhall neuer ſtarue for an Epitaph.

Can. So: it's comming I haue it *Scrocca.*

Here *lies Cancrones grandſire, who ſans boate.*
Sands winde, ſans ſeas ſaild downe the Cyclops throate.

Scr. Here lies? Why will you graue an Epitaph on the Cyclops belly?
I'me ſure hee lies yonder.

Can. Maſſe thou ſayſt true, but all our late writers begin ſo.

Scr. Well ſir will you walke home and warme your poeticall vaine at the kitchin fire.

Can. Yes I care not if I doe, for I ſhall nere be well till I haue got the chimney corner ouer my head.

Farewell ye rockes and ſeas, I thinke yee'l ſhew it
That *Sicelie affords a water-Poet*

Act. 2. *Scen.* 7.

Enter Conchylio ſolus.

Hah, ha, he; I haue laught my ſelfe weary: i'ſt poſſible?
That fire and froſt ſhould thus keepe houſe together,
Sure age did much miſtake him, when it ſet
His ſnowie badge on his blew riueld chin.
Were not his faces furrowes fild with ſnow
His hams vnſtrung his head ſo ſtraightly bound
His eyes ſo rainy, and his skinne ſo drie
He were a pretty youth.

Act. 2. Scen. 8.

Enter Cancrone and Scrocca.

Con. What old acqaintance? lie by Mistris a little
I'le fish a while, I may chaunce to catch
A Cods-head; Ile stand and heare them.
Scr. Did not I tell you we were wrong? sir.
Can. Me thought, we were at land vile soone.
Scr. I prethee on which hand was the cape of Peloro,
When wee left Syllaes bandogs.
Can. That did belong to thy water office to marke,
But sure it stood straight before a little o'th' on side,
Right vpon the left, and then it left, the right,
And turned west by East, and then stood still North, North.
By South.
Con. Well bould woodcocke
Without a bias.
Scr. Come looke about you to your land office.
I'le hold a ped of oysters the rocke stands on yonder side;
Looke this way: I prethee is not this Circe's rocke,
Can. I like thy reasons wondrous well it is her rocke and her distaffe too.
Con. I'le spine some thred out of this distaffe.
Scr. Then I sweare by Circes iugling box wee come in o' th' wrong side.
Can Looke into my poll, canst thou not perceiue by the colour of my braines that I haue vnlac't her knauery? thou knowst Circes is a plaguie witch.
Scr. I she did translate a good father of mine into an hogge.
Can. She with her whisking white wand, has giuen this rocke a box o the eare, & set it one the other side of the country
Scr. I care not where Circes dwells, but I am sure we dwell on this side, and wee haue pusht in the cleane contrary way, and wat you what, wee haue leapt through Hell-mouth: O

strange

strange how—— *he falls downe and cries.*

Can. O the Orke the huge huntie, puntie.

Scr. Vp cancrone I tell thee wee haue scap't him.

Can. I tell thee *Siroeca* wee haue not scap't him, he has eate vs vp

Con. These fishers are new returnd from fishing, and know not that Atyches has slaine the Orke, I'le Orke them.

Can. Ah *Siroeca* I would this Orke were in *Neptunes* bellie, that will suffer such a worme to liue in his dominions, I am a very macherell if the very name be not worse to mee then, three nights cold fishing.

Scr. Mee thinks I am colder too then I was before.

Con. Let mee strike then before the iron be key cold
What hardie fishers dare approch this shore
Vntrod by men this twenty years and more.

Can. Good now *Conchylio* doe not the *Norke*

Scr. Wee did eare the golden apples; wee.

Can. What old *Cancrone?* I am sorrie for your chance
The best that I aduise you is that you returne round about the Cape presently before the Orke smell you (if he were within twelue score he might wind them) foh.

Can. Nay I shall be deuourd.

Con. Pucke out a good heart man.

Can. If I could doe so I might saue the Orke a labour, that Will be done to my hand I know I shall be deuourd.

Con. Why man.

Can. Why my grandsire was deflourd, and they say deflouring goes in a blood.

Con. If I ridde you both of this feare will you worship mee.

Can. O worshipfull water-wight.

Scr. O *Neptunes* father.

Can. O *Glaucus* Mother.

Con. Why then thus; my deities oracle giues you answer thus
When a famous fishers fall vpon this sand (land
Let them for feare of mightie Orke, leaue seas saile home by
I haue not pincht them for measure
I haue giuen them Oracle vp to the elbowes.

Con.

Can. Saile ther's your office *Scrocca*, you must goe.

Scr. By land, there's your office goe you.

Con. What can you not expound.
Dragge vp your bote and home-ward cresse this shore

Can. Wee are all made, I vnderstood you sir, but I did not know your meaning.

Scr. Pull you the bote at nose i'le lift at the arse.

Can. Manners Iacke this is a land voyage, I am master.

Con. Hoh; roh; droh, Horka, Corca, Suga ponto; the monster comes downe vnder the boate turne it ouer Ile helpe:
Retire thou sacred monster (creepe on)
These sweet soules are no seed for thee (on on)
'Tis time these soules were spent they begin
To stink, retire thou great god *Neptunes* scourge.
Retire I say while this twinne tortoise passes
And dare not once to touch these fish flesh asses.
Hah, ha, he, farewell good tortoise, what good touch? Haddocke Hare and Cod? you shall walke with me Ile be your Orke; yet ile carry the Cod to my mistris *Cosma*. I know she loues it well: let *Conchilio* be turn'd into an Oyster if hee would not play the Orke euery day for such sport, it shall go hard but Ile with my friend *Cancrene* yet once againe.

they couer themselues ouer with their beates for feare of the Orke & creept ouer the stage.

Exit.

CHORVS.

Happy happie Fishers swaine
If that yee knew your happines
Your sport tasts sweeter by your paines,
Sure hope your labour relishes
Your net your lining, when you eate
Labour finds appetite and meat.

When

When the seas and tempest roare
You eyther sleepe or pipe or play
And dance along the golden shore
Thus you spend the night and day
Shrill windes a pipe, hoarse seas a taber
To fit your sports or ease your labour.

First ah first the holy Muse
Rap't my soules most happy eyes
Who in those holy grones doe vse
And learne those sacred misteries
The yeares and months, old age and birth
The palsies of the trembling earth.

The flowing of the sea and Moone
And ebbe of both, and how the tides
Sinke in themselues and backward run.
How palled Cynthia closely slides
Stealing her brother from our sight
So robs herselfe and him of light.

But if cold natures frozen parts
My dull slow heart and cloudie braine
Cannot reach those heauenly nets
Next happie is the fishers paine
Whose loue roofes peace doe safely hide
And shut out fortune, want and pride.

There shall I quiet feareleſſe raigne
My boyes my subiects taught submission
About my court my sonnes my traine
Nets my purnaiors of prouision,
The steere my septer, pipe musition
Labour my Phisicke, no Phisitian.

So shall I laugh the angry seas and skie
Thus singing may I liue, and singing die.

Act. 3. Scen. 1.

Enter Perindus.

VVHen *Attyches* with better ſight I eye,
Some powre me thinks beyond humanity,
Some heauenly power within his boſome lyes
And plainely looks through th' windowes of his eyes.
Thalander, if that ſoules departed reſt
In other men, thou liueſt in his breſt,
He is more then he ſeemes, or elſe — but ſee. *Enter Glaucilla.*
My loue, my hate, my ioy, my miſerie.
Glau. Perindus, whither turnſt thou? if thy wandring loue
My loue eſchew, yet nothing canſt thou ſee
Why thou ſhouldſt flye me, I am no monſter, friend,
That ſeekes thy ſpoyle, looke on me, I am ſhee
To whom th' haſt vowd all fayth and loyalty,
Whom thou with vowes and prayers and oathes haſt ply'd
And praying wept, and weeping beene deny'd,
And dy'd in the denyall, I am ſhe
Whom by my brothers importunity
Thalanders meanes thou want'ſt, who ſtill perſeuer,
Though thou art chang'd, I louing loue for euer.
Tell me am I altered in minde or bodies frame?
What then I was am I not ſtill the ſame?
Per. Yes, yes, thou art the ſame both then and now
As faire, more faire then heauens cleareſt brow.
Glau. What haue I now deſerued?
Per. In heauen to dwell:
The pureſt ſtarre deſerues not heauen ſo well.
Glau. Perindus, I am the ſame, ah I am ſhe
I was at firſt, but thou, thou art not hee
Which once thou waſt.

Per. True, ah too true:
Then was I happy being so distressed,
And now most miserable by being blessed.
Glau. Tell me what thus hath chang'd thy former loue,
Which once thou swor'st nor heauen nor hell could moue:
How hath this scorne and hate stolne in thy heart
And on a Commick stage, hast learnt the art
To play a tyrant, and a foule deceiuer?
To promise mercy, and performe it neuer?
To looke more sweete, maskt in thy lookes disguise,
Then mercies selfe, or pitties gracious eyes.
Per. Fa, la, la, fa, la, la, lah.
Glau. Ah me most miserable.
Per. Ah me most miserable
Glau. Wretched *Glaucilla*, where hast thou set thy loue?
Thy plaints his ioy, thy teares his laughter moue,
Senceless of these he sings at thy lamenting,
And laughs at thy hearts tormenting.
Wretched *Glaucilla.*
Per. More wretched *Perindus*,
Where by refusing life, thou diest, for whom
Thou liuest, in whom thou drawst thy ioy and breath,
And to accept, thy life is more then death.
Glau. Perindus.
Per. Fa, la, la, fa, la, la, lah.

Exit Perindus.

Act. 3. *Scen.* 2.

Glaucilla sola.

Hapless and fond, too fond and hapless maide,
Whose hate with loue, whose loue with hate is payd.
Or learne to hate where thou hast hatred prou'd,
Or learne to loue againe, where thou art lou'd,
Thy loue gets scorne: doe not so dearely earne it,
At least learne by forgetting to vnlearne it.

Ah fond and hapleſſe maide, but much more fond
Canſt thou vnlearne the leſſon thou has cond?
Since then thy fixed loue will leaue thee neuer
He hates thy loue, leaue thou his hate foreuer,
And though his yee might quench thy loues deſiring
Liue in his loue and die in his admiring.
Olinda ſo late abroad? *Enter Olinda,*
The ſunne is now at reſt, heauens winking eyes
All drowſie ſeeme, loue onely reſt denies:
But thou art free as aire, what is the reaſon?
What glaſſe is this?

Olin. Prethee *Glaucilla*
Doe not thus ſearch my ſoules deepe ranckling wound
Which thou canſt neuer helpe when thou haſt found.

Glau. Thy ſoule was wont to lodge within mine eare
And euer, was it ſafely harboured there
My eare is not accquainted with my tongue
That eyther tongue or eare ſhould doe thee wrong
Yet doe not tell me, I'le thee. I ſpie
Thy burning feauer is thy teltale eye.
Thou louſt deny it not, thou louſt *Olinda*
In vaine a cheſt to locke vp flames we ſeeke
Which now with purple fires thy bluſhing cheekes

Olin. Th'art ſuch a miſtris in thy louing art
That all in vaine I hide my ſoue ſicke heart
And yet as vaine to open't now tis hid.

Glau. Why ſo loues hee another?

Olin. I would he did.

Glau. Strange wiſh in loue, much rather had I die,
Is he then periſht?

Olin. Yes and with him I.

Glau. I prethee tell me all doe not conceale it,
Ile mourne with thee if that I cannot heale it.

Olin. Heare then and who ſo ere maiyſt be a bride
Learne this of me to hate thy maiden pride.
Atyches thou knoweſt?

Glau;

Glau. Thy champion?
Olin. The ſame
Almoſt a yeare ſince he came to this towne
When finding mee fiſhing along the ſhore
Silent he angles by mee, till at length
Seeing mee take a ſtar fiſh, and ſling't away
He ſtraight demands why I refuſ'd that pray
The cauſe I ſaid was hate, he thus replied
Alas poore fiſh how wretch'ed is your fate
When you are kild for loue ſau'd but for hate;
Yet then that fiſh much worſe the fiſher ſwaine
Who for his loue by hate is cauſeles ſlaine,
Glau. Yet happier he that's ſlaine by loues defying
Then ſhe in fate that liues yet euer dying
Olin. But ſoone as loue he nam'd, I ſtraight was parting.
He holding mee thus ſpeaks; ſtay *Nymph* and heare
I bring thee newes which well deſerues thine eare
He which moſt loues thee and thou hateſt moſt
Thalander (at his name my guiltie heart
Aſhamed of it ſelfe did in me ſtart)
He thus went on: *Thalander's* dead and dying
By oath and all his loue ſwore me to ſee thee
With theſe few words: *Thalander* quite forſaken
Would ſend to thee what thou from him haſt taken
All life and health, and ne're his loue removing
Wiſhes thee a freind more happie and as louing
And with this prayer theſe legacies he ſends thee
This pipe his mother *Circes* gift, to bind
With this ſoft whiſtle the loud whiſtling wind
And with this pipe he left this precious ring
Whoſe vertues cuers a venemous tooth or ſting
Glau. Thalander were wee nothing like the other
Only thy loue would proue thou art my brother.
Did not this moue thee.
Olin. Glaucilla why ſhould I lie
I tooke them as ſpoiles from a ſlaine enemie,

And for these gifts (sayes he) his last demand
Was this, that I might kisse thy hand:
The last, the only gift thou canst impart
To such, so louing, and now dying heart!
I grant; be gone, vpon the Ring I spie
A Rubie cut most artificially,
Wherein was fram'd a youth in fire consuming,
And round within it as the Ring I turne,
I found these words, Aliue or dead, I burne.
Glau. These words well fitt his heart, so you, so I
Thalander liuing loues, and louing dies.
Olin. But oh those fained flames, such strange desires,
Such true, such lasting, neuer-quenched fires
Haue kindled in my brest, that all the Art
Of *Triphons* selfe cannot allay my smart:
Ah *Glaucilla*, the scornefull proud *Olinda*;
Which at so sweete a loue a mockery made,
Who scornd the true *Thalander*, loues his shade,
Whose thousand graces liuing could not turne mee,
His ashes now hee's dead to ashes, burne mee.
Glau. If thus you loue him, how canst thou allow
Thy loue to *Atyches*! late didst thou vowe
In *Neptunes* temple to be his for euer.
Olin. My hand he married there, my heart ah neuer.
Glaucilla, I loue him for his loue to mee,
For such his venture, for such his victorie,
But most, because in loue he is my riuall,
Because hee's like and loue, my Loue *Thalander*.
Ah, if my life will please him, let him take it,
He gaue it mee and I would faine forsake it.
Had it beene mine to giue, my wretched heart,
Not worth his dangerous fight, I would impart
But that is thine, *Thalander* thine for euer
With mee tis buried and arise shall neuer.
And wherefore serues this glasse?
Olin. This is a dessamour *Cosma* lately gaue mee.

Glau. *Olinda*, knowſt not yet the treachery
Of *Coſma*, ſhe thy greateſt enemy?
Prethee let me ſee't: ſhouldſt thou this liquor proue,
I tell thee, friend, 'twill quench thy life and loue.
But ſo Ile temper't, it ſhall better pleaſe thee,
And after few ſpent houres ſhall euer eaſe thee.
Olin. Tis beyond art, who there can giue reliefe.
Where patients hate the cure, more then the griefe?
Glau. Yes, by my art, before th'art 12 houres older,
Ile eaſe thy heart, though neuer make it colder.

Exeunt.

Act. 3. *Scen.* 3.

Enter Conchilio.

Con. *Glaucilla* and *Olinda*? I marle what mettle,
What leaden earth and water nature put
Into theſe Nymphes, as cold, as dull, as frozen
As the hard rockes they dwell on! But my Miſtris
Shee's all quickſiluer, neuer ſtill, ſtill mouing,
Now is ſhe with ſome ſhepheard or ſome fiſher,
And here ſhe ſets me to entertaine all commers:
This is the houre her Louers vſe to muſter.
But who ſhould this be? iſt you, old boy? *Enter Fredocaldo.*
Old ten i'th hundred, are you the captaine? boh,
Fred. Beſhrew your heart, you are a very naughty boy,
I ſhake euery ioynt of me.
Con. No ſhaking palſey, nor crampe has tane poſſeſſion
Of your nimble limbes: ha, ha, he.
Fred. Boy, where's thy Miſtris?
Con. Where ſhe would bee.
Fred. Where's that?
Con. Where you would bee,
Fred. What, in her bed?
Con. Ah old goate, doe I ſmell you? yet in her bed?
Fred. May not I ſpeake a word or two with her

Con.

Con. what a foole tis? thou haſt ſpoken twice a allreadie
Fred. I But I would ſpeake them in her eare.
Con. I know your errand but I preethee tell mee *Fredocaldoe*
How iſt poſſible that all the bellowes in loues fathers ſhoppe
Should kindle any fire in ſuch a froſt?
Fred. Thou knowſt not what is loue, I tell thee boy
I loue faire *Coſma* more then all her louers.
Con. Now in my conſcience he ſays true, this old wood
Makes a brighter fire then the greeneſt euer:
Fred. Conchylio th'art deceiud, haſt not ſeene
That of the *May* the luſt of all the yeare
Nipt with the hoarie froſt grows cold and chare?
And oft *October* though the yeares declining
With many daintie flowers is fairely ſhining
For as the flaming ſunne puts out the fire
So may the heate of loue quench loues deſires.
Con. Could this dotard doe as well as ſpeake, he might——
Fred. I tell thee boy, when I was young——
Con. That was at the ſiedge of *Troy*
Now ſhall wee haue, more tales then euer poets made
But what will you giue mee *Fredocaldoe*
If I helpe thee in the rockie caue, neere to the mirtle groue
To ſpeake with *Coſma* all alone.
Fred. If thou'l doe it, Ile giue thee as faire an otter tamd for fiſhing as euer was in *Sicely*.
Con. Your hand on that: Ah old *Saturne* cold and dry we'l Ile (doe't
Fred But when *Conchylio* when?
Con. Within this houre expect her.
Fred. Wilt thou beſure.
Con. Why did I euer deceiue you? *Fred*: neuer neuer:
Con. beleeue mee *Fredocaldoe* I ſay beleeue mee then.
Fred. Farewell; I'le keepe my promiſe.
Con. Faile not within this houre: *Exit Fredocaldoe.*
I know not what this old man's like, vnleſſe
Our hill of *Sicely* the flaming *Ætna*:
Whoſe parches bowells ſtill in fire conſuming

Fils

Fils all the valley with flame and pitchy fuming.
Yet on his top congealed snow doth lye
As if there were not fire nor *Phœbus* nie.
Why should we count this strange? when euen so
This old mans heart's all fire, his head all snow?
But what fresh souldier's this? *Enter Armilus.*

Ar. My pretty wagge?

Con. Sure you doe mistake me, sir, I am anothers.

Ar. Thou dost mistake mee, boy, I know well whose thou art.

Con. I doubt you doe not.

Ar. Th'art faire *Cosmaes* boy.

Con. My mother told me so.

Ar. Th'art a very wagge, take this, my boy.

Con. True sir, now I am yours indeede; what! yellow? yours to command: what would you with me?

Ar. Seest thou!

Con. Yes I see very well.

Ar. Thou art too: quickel prethee let me see thy Mistris.

Con. Troth, sir, you cannot, shee's taken vp with other businesse, or rather taken downe, yet i'le trie sir. *Exit.*

Ar. Oft haue I maruaild how the erring eye,
Which of his proper obiect cannot lye,
In other subiect, failes so in his duty
When hee's to iudge of's chiefest obiect beauty.
None takes the night for day, the day for night.
The Lillies seeme alike to euery sight:
Yet when we partiall iudge of beauties graces,
Which are but colours plac't in womens faces,
The eye seemes neuer sure the selfesame show
And face, this thinkes a swanne, and that a crow.
But sure our minds with strong affections tainted,
Looke through our eyes as through a glasse that's painted.
So when we view our loues, we neuer see
What th'are, but what we faine would haue them be.
Thus *Atyches*, *Perindus* thus affecting

These *Nymphs*, make them seem worthiest their respecting,
And thus to loue their beauties neuer moue them:
But therefore beautious seeme because they loue them.
Me thinks this *Cosma* farre them both excels,
In whose high forehead loue commanding dwels.
I like not this same too much modestie,
Commend the Senate for their grauity.
The wanton *Nymph* doth more delight me farre,
The modest *Nymphs* doe more seeme chaste then are,
Women are all alike, the difference this,
That seemes and is not, that both seemes and is.
Or if some are not, as they call it, ill, *Enter*
They want the power and meanes, but not the will. *Conchylo.*

Con. My Mistris as yet is so ouerlayd with sport or busines, she cannot speake with you: may not I know your errand?

Ar. My errand boy is loue.

Con. Loue (um) tis light enough, I shall carry it away: 'tis so short I shall remember it; but troth sir, another golden star this starlesse night dropt in my hand, may chance to giue light to make my Mistris shine in your armes.

Ar. Hold thee boy, hold thee: will that content thee?

Con. Sir doe you know the myrtle groue?

Ar. Yes well.

Con. Your star will conduct you thither straight, within this houre shee'l meete you there.

Ar. How canst thou assure it?

Con. Trust mee I'le procure it;
Else neuer more let me see golden stars.

Ar. I'le try thee boy, 'tis but one mis-spent houre,
If thou performe thy promise good *Conchylio*,
Many such glittering nights shall shine on thee.

Con. If? make no question sir.

Ar. Farewell.

Con. Adiew. *Exit.*

This strange new bird, this goose with golden eggs

Must

Muſt with ſome graine of hope bee cheriſhed,
And yet not feddetoo fat; now for my Crab,
Here's his twin,if heauens ſignes are right. *Enter Scrocca.*
Next to the crab, the twin muſt come in ſight,
I'le out and ſeeke him.

Act. 3. Scen. 4.

Scrocca, Cancrone.

Scr. Saile home by land quotha? well,I'le haue that ſaddle boate hung vp for a monument in the temple of Odoxcom, hard by the euerlaſting ſhooes,and now to ſee the ill lucke on't neuer more neede of fiſh, a bounſing feaſt toward, vmber of gueſts,not a whiting, not a haddock, not a cod-mop in the houſe: and in ſtead of catching fiſh,wee muſt goe fiſh for our nets,*Cancrone*, come along,along,along: the Orke's dead and buried,the Orke's dead and buried.

Can. I but does not his ghoſt walke thereabout? *within.*
On afore,I'le follow hintly fintly,by the hobnailesof *Neptune* horſe-ſhooes——

Scr. Nay if you ſweare,we ſhall catch no fiſh,what *Cancrone*, ſneake you ſtill? whoop,we ſhall fiſh fairely if your fearmore be off: *Enter Cancrone buttning his coate.*
How now,what all in white?

Can. Seeſt not I am buſified? doeſt thou thinke a man can button his coate and talke all at once?

Scr. My prettie ſea-cob,why I preethee why in thy white?

Can. Ino triumph! Ino triumph! tell thee this is my triumphing ſute, did not wee vanquiſh the Orke?

Scr. I hope ſo:too but all our fellow fiſhers ſay t'was *Atyches.*

Can. Thus *Atyches* kild him aliue,and wee kild him dead.

Scr. I preethee on with thy gaberdine againe.

Can. My old ſcaly ſlimie gaberdine? why,if I ſhould fiſh in that,euery finne would ſmell mee.

Scr. Well, our nets are not aboue ground, what shall wee doe?

Con. Why then Sir, you must goe seeke them vnder ground.

Scr. Well Sir, you'l follow. *Exit.*

Can. Muddie *Scrocca*, canst thou not perceiue *Cancrones* inside by his new out-side? my old Orke apparell, my pitch patch poledauies had no good perfume for a sweete louer, as I now must be: but why a louer? because I meane to kill the next Orke hand to hand; for my masters sisters sweetheart *Atackes*, because a louer, therefore an *Orkekiller*.

Enter Conchylio.

Con. What? old crab tortoise? has the Orke made you cast your shell?

Can. Fish mee no fishing: I'me all for flesh.

Con. Thy lob hath learnt that fishers keepe no lent.

Can. Therfore thou blue-beard *Neptune*, and thou trumphing *Triton*, and thou watchet iacket *Glaucus*, *Daucus*, *Maucus*, and all the rest of the salt fish gods, I denounce you all, and for your formable farewell, I doe here reach forth to your dropping driueling deities my loue warme hand to kisse.
So, haue you done? Fie flapmouth. [*Conchylio* spits ins hand. *Triton*, thou beslauerest mee.

Con. O doutie loues! heres more game for my mistresses net, or rather for mine.

Can. Nothing but *Venus* smocke or *Cupids* wing shall wipe it dry; surmount thy wagging wanton wing to mee, god *Cupid*.

Con. Are you there? I Orkt you once, and now Ile fit you for a *Cupid*. *Exit. Conchyl.*

Can. Mee thinks I am growne very eloquent already; thanks sweete loue; O now for my master *Perindus*, he has a fine crosse cut with's armes, and yet that Orke-catcher *Atackes* has a pestilence carriage on's pate: the *Nymphs* beleare him partly: so, so, so.

Now Cupid doe I come to thee,
To thee, vpon my bare-head knee:
Knee neuer bare-head yet before,
Before it begged at thy doore.

Enter

Enter Scrocca. with his nets.

Scr. What? deuout *Cancrone* knocking at *Cupids* doore?

Can. Ah *Scrocca*, thou haſt corrupted the goodeſt verſe! I was making my ſupplantation to *Truſtie Triton* for good lucke, and ſee if he haue not heard mee: our nets are returnd.

Scr. He might well heare thee for this once: for thou doeſt not trouble him often. But if I had not lookt to them better then he had, wee might haue gone whiſtle for them: come *Cancrone*, will you goe?

Can. Yes I warrant you, I'le peraduenture my perſon in a Cocke-boate.

Scr. Why then wee'l take the gallie foiſt.

Can. Goe foiſt if you will, the burnt child dreads the water, and good men are ſcantie, make much of one, *Cancrone*.

Scr. Well, if you come, you ſhall haue vs at the red roche.

Can. Yes, I'le fiſh on land for mermaids. *Exit.*

This dog-fiſh had almoſt put mee out of my loue-leſſon. Now to thee againe, *courteous Cupid.*

All ſunke and ſouſt in ſoppy loue,
Cupid for thy mothers doue
Helpe. *Enter Conchylio in Cupids habitt.*

Con. All haile, *Cancrone*, according to thy wiſh I here am preſent great King of hearts, Duke of deſires, Lord of loue, whom mortals gentle *Cupid* doe ycleape.

Can. Beeſt thou *Cupid*? thou art vile like our *Conchylio*.

Con. True, *Cancrone*, and leſt the beames of my bright deitie ſhould with their luſtre wound thoſe infant eyes, I haue vouchſaf't in this forme to appeare, lo, thy *Conchylio* and thy *Cupid* here, what wouldſt thou with mee?

Can. I haue a ſuite to your godſhip.

Con. So it be not your Orke-ſuite I embrace it: ſay on, my darling.

Can. I am in loue as they ſay, but I cannot tell whom to be in loue withall.

Con. Here are *Nymphs* enow, *Vrina*, *Olinda*, *Lilla*, *Glaucilla*, *Bobadilla*,

Can. Mee thinks that *Boberdil* ſounds like a fine play-fellow for mee.

Con. No, I'le tell thee one, her name ſhall make thy mouth water.

Can. Make water in my mouth? thats *Vrina*, I'le none of her, ſhee's too high colourd.

Con. No, tis *Coſma*, the fiſhers flame, the ſhepheards hope, whoſe beautie Pas admires.

Can. I, but will you throw forth a good word for mee?

Con. I tell thee I'le make her all to beloue thee, ſhee ſhall not reſt till ſhee meete thee here; but firſt I muſt arme thee with ſome magicke charmes.

Can. What be they? my chops would faine be champing them.

Con. Firſt you muſt anagramatize her name, then ſympathize your owne.

Can. Tize, zize, thize. I ſhall ne're hit that.

Con. For an anagram I'le fit you: *Coſma* a ſmocke.

Can. Prettie.

Con. For the ſympathie of your owne name but thus, your name *Cancrone* bids you counterfeite the counter-creeping crab; and goe backward to her.

Can. Doe I looke like a crab? I had rather goe forward to a *Nymph*.

Con. Thirdly, becauſe euery fiſher is borne vnder Piſces, therefore the ſigne is in the foote with you: you muſt come therefore with one foote bare.

Con. I but ſhall I not catch cold and cough and ſpoile my part?

Can. It muſt be the right foote: and then ſeeſt thou this mirtle tree? all my arrowes are made of the wood of it, thou muſt in her ſight get vp and gather the higheſt bough of it.

Con. I but what ſhall I doe with the bough?

Con. O the bough? why, ſetting thus a prettie while, you muſt wrappe a cockle garland about it, and then when the poore laſſe melts and conſumes with thy loue——

Can. Then I'le throw it at her, & come downe to her, ſhall I not?

Con. Excellent well, I ſee thou art inſpir'd.

Can. Nay I can take it, if you put it to mee.

Con. But the iuſt nicke when thou muſt throw it is, when ſhe ſays I die, I cry, I lie.

Can. I die, I cry, I lye. I would haue her lie, but not die, but will you make her come indeede?

Con. I and in her beſt clothes too.

Can. Nay 'tis no ſuch matter for clothes, but what muſt I ſay? I had almoſt forgot it.

Con. Nothing but a ſhort charme, which I'le teach you as we goe on afore, I'le follow you.

Can. Let me ſee: backward?

Con. Blockhead.

Can. Barelegge?

Con. Beetlepate.

Can. Cockleſhell?

Con. Coxecombe.

Can. Boughs?

Con. Buſſard.

Can. The towne's ours. I no triumph, I no triumph.

Con. I'le coole my hot louer, he ſhall ſit on a perch for a ſtale, now muſt I be vncupidate, & ſhortly appeare here Coſmafied, it ſhall be hard but with the ſame limetwig I'le catch a bigger bird then this.

Firſt I will ſerue my ſelfe, my miſtris after;
My baite is ſeeming loue, my prey true laughter.

Act. 3. *Scen.* 5.

Enter Pan ſolus.

What art, ſtrength, wit, can tame a fiſh or flye?
The leaſt of creatures vſ'd to liberty,
With loſſe of life ſhake off baſe captiue chaines,
And with reſtraint all life diſdaines.
But I, ah foole, yeld vp my ſelfe a ſlaue,
And what they ſhunne, by death doe baſely craue:
My griefe more then my folly, who deplore
That which all others vſe to wiſh before:
My loue loues too too much too many,
For while ſhe liketh all, ſhe louesnot any.

Loue

Loue, let my prayers yet thus farre onely moue thee,
Let me her falſly, or ſhe truely loue me. *Enter Coſma.*
See where ſhe comes; and that ſo bright a ſunne
Should haue no ſpheare, no certaine race to runne:
I'le ſtand and ouer-heare her.

Coſ. I can but ſmile to thinke how fooliſh wiſe
Thoſe women are, that chuſe their loues for wiſedome.
Wiſedome in men's a golden chaine to tie
Poore women in a glorious ſlauery.

Pas. Hark Heauens! O monſtrous! harke: O women, women.

Coſ. Fond men, that blame the loue that euer ranges
To foule and fluttiſh loue, that neuer changes.
The Muſes loue by courſe, to change their meeter,
Loue is like linnen often chang'd, the ſweeter.

Pas. Thus theſe neate creatures, dead with loue and all,
By ſhunning beaſtlines, make it beaſtiall.

Coſ. Our beauty is our good, the cauſe of loue:
Fond that their good toth' beſt will not improue;
What Husbandman neglects his time of ſowing?
What fiſher loſeth winds, now fairely blowing?
Beauty our good: ah good, ah ſhort and brittle,
A little little good, for time as little,
How eaſie doeſt thou ſlide, and paſſe away?
Vnborne, full growne, and buried in a day.
Thy ſpring is ſhort, and if thou now refuſe it,
Tis gone, when faine thou wouldſt, thou ſhalt not vſe it.
The time and euery minute daily ſpends thee.
Spend thou the time, while time fit leiſure lends thee.

Pas. Does ſhe not bluſh? hark, women, heres your preacher,
Maids, you want a Miſtris; heres a teacher.

Coſ. Now ſince *Conchylio* ſpake of this *Armillus*,
My new found louer, I halfe long to try him:
Too cruell ſhe that makes her hearts contenting,
To ſee a heart languiſh in loues tormenting.
What though i'th' night we liue moſt wantonly?
I' th' morne with clothes we put on modeſtie.

Thus

Thus though we ſport, and wanton all the night
Next ſunne ile act a part of feare and fright.
Pas. Modeſtie? marry guipp: theſe are your modeſt creatures.
Coſ. Long haue I hated *Olinda*, and *Glaucilla*,
And one of them by this hath drunke her laſt,
The next ſhall follow ere the next day's paſt.
The ginne is layd, and if it hit aright,
This is her laſt, this her eternall night.
Perindus long I haue long lou'd, who euer ſcorn'd mee,
Becauſe he loues *Glaucilla*; I know hee'l grieue:
But when the tempeſt once is ouerblowne,
Hoyſt vp all ſailes; the prize is ſure mine owne.
Ill for a woman is that woman plac't,
Who like old *Ianus*, is not double fac't.
Now to *Armillus* who ſure expects me.
How darke the night? more fit for Louers play.
The darkeſt night is louers brighteſt day. *Exit Coſmus.*
Pas. Well Miſtris *Iana* with your double face,
I thinke I ſhall outface you by and by.
Ile fit you for a face i'fayth, I could be mad now.
Well, ſince you are ſportiue, i'le make one i'th play;
You haue a foole already, i'le act a Deuill;
And ſince you needes muſt to a new conſort,
Ile beare a part, and make or marre the ſport.

Enter Perindus.

Act. 3. Scen. 6.

Perindus, Pas.

Per. *Atyches?*
Pas. No: *Pas.*
Per. If thou ſeeſt *Atyches*, ſend him hither friend; *Exit Pas.*
Of all the plagues that torture ſoules in hell,
Tantalo, thy puniſhment doth moſt excell.
For preſent goods, thy euill moſt expreſſe,
Making thee vnhappy in thy happineſſe.

Such are my paines: my blessednes torments mee;
I see, and may enioy what more torments me.
My life then loue, I rather would forsake,
Yet for my life, my loue I dare not take.
Glaucilla, couldst thou see this wretched brest,
What torments in it neuer resting rest,
Whom now thou thinkst the cause of all thy greeuing,
Then thou wouldst iudge the wretchedst creature liuing.
She's here. *Enter Glaucilla.*

Glau. Perindus, whither goest thou? the day's enough
To shew thy scorne, the night was made for rest.
For shame if not for loue, let night relieue me:
Take not that from mee, which thou wilt not giue me.
Knowst thou this place? euen here thou first didst vow,
Which I beleeue, and still me thinkes euen now
Cannot vnbeleeu't, that when thy constant heart,
From his first onely vowed loue should start,
These wauing seas should stand, whose rocks remoue.

Per. Fa, la, la, fa, la, la, lah.

Glau. O dancing leuity, you steady rocks,
Still stand you still? his fayth he lightly mocks.
Yee fleeting waues, why doe you neuer stand?
His words, his loue, his oathes, are writ in sand.
In rocks and seas I finde more sense and louing,
The rocke lesse hard then he, the sea lesse mouing.

Per. Didst neuer see the rockes in sayling moue?

Glau. Not moue, but seeme to moue.

Per. My picture right.

Glau. What says *Perindus*?

Per. Ha, ha, he, how scuruily griefe laughs!

Glau. Perindus, by all the vowes I here coniure thee,
The vow that on thy soule thou didst assure me,
Tell me why thus my loue thou false refusest?
Why me thy fayth thy selfe thou thus deceiuest?

Per. Ay me.

Glau. How fares my loue?

Per. Ah *Glaucilla.*
Glau. I know thou canst not hate me.
Per. I cannot hate, but laugh, and dance and sport,
This is not hate, *Glaucilla*, 'tis not hate.
Glau. Canst thou *Perindus* thus delude me?
I've liu'd enough, farewell: thou last hast viewd mee.
Per. Glaucilla?
Glau. How canst thou speake that hated name?
Per. Stay:
Glau. To be mockt?
Per. Stay, i'le tell thee all.
Glau. Me thinks this forced mirth does not beseeme thee:
Sure 'tis not thine, it comes not from thy heart.
Per. *Glaucilla*, call backe thy wish, seeke not to know
Thine or my death, thou winst thine ouerthrow.
Glau. Thy griefe is common, I haue my part in thine:
Take not that from me which is iustly mine.
Per. if I had any ioy, it were thine owne,
But grant me to be wretched all alone.
Glau. Now all thy griefe is mine, but it vnhiding,
Halfe thou wilt take away, by halfe diuiding.
Per. Thou seekst my loue, it is my loue to hide it,
And I shall shew more hate, when I diuide it.
Glau. Thy loue thus hid, to me much hatred proues,
Vnhide thy hate, this hate will shew it loues:
Per. *Glaucilla*, while my griefes vntouched rest,
My better part seemes quiet in thy brest.
Glau. So thou art well, but still my better part,
Perindus, sinkes all loaden with his smart:
So thou my finger cut'st, and woundst my heart.
Per. Since then thou wilt not giue me leaue to hide it,
Briefely 'tis thus: when thou thy loue hadst vowd me
Most sure, but yet no certaine time allowd me;
My marriage day as all my good desiring,
To *Protem* Cell I went, the time enquiring,
There heard these words, the cause of all my sadnes,

The cause of all my seeming hate and gladnesse.
Thus went th' Oracle.

The day, that thou with griefe so long forbearest,
Shall bring thee what thou wishest most and fearest.
Thy sisters graue shall bee her marriage bed,
In one selfe day twice dying, and once dead.
Thy friend, whom thou didst euer dearest choose,
In loosing thou shalt finde, in finding loose.
And briefly to conclude the worst at last,
Thou, or thy Loue shall from a rocke be cast.

Glaucilla, had thy loue but with my life beene priz'd,
My life t'enioy thy loue I had despis'd.
But since it may be thine, thy life destroying,
Shall nere bee giuen for my loues enioying:
Much rather, let me liue in fires tormenting,
Then with such purchase buy my hearts contenting.

Glau. Then loue's the cause of all thy seeming hate,
What hast thou seene in me, that I should seeme,
My life more then thy loue, or mine esteeme?
Perindus thy hate hath cost me often dying,
So hast thou giuen mee death, by death denying:
For th' Oracle, with death I am contented,
And will not feare, what cannot be preuented.

Per. Yet though such mischiefe *Protens* did diuine,
Much better sped I at my fathers shrine:
Comming to Delphos, where the Pythian maid
Told me my wishes should be fully paid
And that within few dayes I should arriue
Through many bitter stormes, into the hiue.

Glau. Why doubtst thou then? adiew loue till to morrow,
Next rising sunne shall to thee ease thy sorrow.

Per. Maist thou proue true, or if heauen bad decree
The good be thine, light all the bad on me.

Glau. Farewell. *Exit.*

Thou giuest *Glaucilla* what thou wishest good rest.
This victory my minde hath whole possest,

And

And from my eyes ſhuts out all ſleepe and reſt:
If I but ſlumber, ſtreight my fancie dreames,
This *Atyches* is much more then he ſeemes:
Comming to his couch, I found his emptie bed
As yet vntoucht, himſelfe from ſleepe is fled.
But ſoft, whom haue wee here? *Enter Atyches.*
Atych. The Oxe now feeles no yoke, all labour ſleepes,
The ſoule vnbent, this as her play-time keepes,
And ſports it ſelfe in fancies winding ſtreames,
Bathing his thoughts in thouſand winged dreames.
The fiſher tyr'd with labour, ſnorteth faſt,
And neuer thinks of paines to come or paſt,
Only loue waking reſt and ſleepe deſpiſes,
Sets later then the ſunne, and ſooner riſes.
With him the day as night, the night as day,
All care, no reſt, all worke, no holy-day.
How different from loue is louers guiſe!
He neuer opes, they neuer ſhut their eyes.
Per. Ha: this is he, I'le ſtand and ouerheare him.
Atych. So: I am alone, ther's none but I,
My griefe, my loue, my wonted company,
And which beſt fits a grieued louers ſprite,
The ſilent ſtars and ſolitarie night.
Tell mee heauens ſentinels that compaſſe round
This ball of earth, on earth was neuer found
A loue like mine, ſo long, ſo truly ſern'd,
Whoſe wage is hate, haue all my paines deſeru'd
Contempt? mine and her; for ſhee deare affected:
The more I lou'd, the more I was neglected.
Since thou canſt loue where thou haſt hatred prou'd,
Olinda, how canſt thou hate where thou art lou'd?
Thy body is mine by conqueſt, but I find,
Thy bodie is not alwayes with thy mind.
Giue both or none, or if but one, o'th' two
Giue mee thy mind, and let thy bodie goe.
If this without thy minde I only haue,

What giu'ſt thou more to me then to thy graue?
Prooue mee, my deare, what canſt thou hate in mee?
Vnleſſe my loue, my loue ſtill bent on thee?
My name's *Thalander*, perhaps it doth diſpleaſe thee,
I will refuſe my name, if that may eaſe thee.
Thalander to exile wee'l ſtill confine,
And i'le be *Atyches*, ſo I bee thine.
Per. *Thalander*? i'ſt poſſible? I oft ſuſpected
How he is altered! not himſelfe! i'ſt poſſible?
Aty. Yet what thou hat'ſt, thy brother loues as well.
Tell me, my deareſt loue, what haue I done?
What has *Thalander* done? ah tell mee.
Per. More
Then thouſand ſuch as ſhe can nere reſtore,
Thalander; ſtart not; how haue my eyes deceiu'd me?
Ah, let me bleſſe my armes with thy embraces.
My deare, *Thalander*, my only life, my heart,
My ſoule, O of my ſoule the better part.
Iſt thee I hold; I ſcarce dare truſt mine eyes,
Which thus deceiu'd mee by their former lies.
Aty. Thou welcomſt miſerie while thine armes infold mee.
Per. I am the bleſſedſt man that liues to hold thee.
My heart doth dance to finde thee.
Aty. Ah *Perindus*,
When leaſt thou think'ſt, thou art deceiued moſt,
My ſelfe, my loue, my labour I haue loſt,
When I haue loſt my ſelfe, to finde my loue.
Per. In loſing of thy fame, th'aſt found
She loues thee friend moſt dearely,
And though ſhe thought thy loue would be her death,
Yet for and in thy loue, ſhee'd loſe her breath,
And nothing elſe ſhould grieue her in the end
She had one life for ſuch a loue to ſpend.
Aty. Doe not deceiue me.
Per. Why ſhouldſt thou miſtruſt me?

Aty. Perindus, my ioy, by too much ioy enioying,
I feele not halfe my ioy, by ouer-ioying.
Per. Her ſelfe ſhall ſpeake it. Come, let's goe.
Aty. 'Tis night!
Per. Shee'l thinke it day, when thou art in her ſight.
Aty. Lead me, for yet my mind, too much affected
To haue it ſo, makes truth it ſelfe ſuſpected.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

Loue is the fire, damme, nurſe, and ſeede
Of all that aire, earth, waters breede.
All theſe earth, water, aire, fire,
Though contraries, in loue conſpire.
Fond painters: loue is not a lad,
With bow, and ſhafts, and feathers clad;
As he is fancied in the braine
Of ſome looſe louing idle ſwaine,
Much ſooner is he felt then ſeene,
His ſubſtance ſubtile, ſlight and thinne,
Oft leapes hee from the glancing eyes,
Oft in ſome ſmooth mount he lyes,
Sooneſt he winnes, the faſteſt flyes:
Oft lurkes he twixt the ruddy lips,
Thence while the heart his Nectar ſips,
Downe to the ſoule the poyſon ſlips,
Oft in a voyce creeps downe the eare,
Oft hides his darts in golden haire,
Oft bluſhing cheeks do light his fire,
Oft in a ſmooth ſoft kinne retires,
Often in ſmiles, often in teares;
His flaming heate in water beares,
When nothing elſe kindles deſire,
Euen vertues ſelfe ſhall blow the fire:
Loue with thouſand darts abounds,

Sureſt

Sureſt and deepeſt vertue wounds,
Oft himſelfe becomes a dart,
And loue with loue, doth loue impart.
Thou painfull pleaſure, pleaſing paine,
Thou gainefull life, thou loſing gaine:
Thou bitter ſweete, eaſing diſeaſe,
How doeſt thou by diſpleaſing pleaſe?
How doeſt thou thus bewitch the heart?
To leue in hate, to ioy in ſmart.
To thinke it ſelfe moſt bound, when free,
And freeſt in his ſlauery.
Euery creature is thy debter,
None but loues, ſome worſe, ſome better:
Onely in loue, they happy proone,
Who loue what moſt deſerues their loue.

Act. 4. *Scen.* 1.

Enter Perindus and Thalander.

Per. BE patient.
Aty. Yes, I am patient,
And ſuffer all, while all heauens ills are ſpeſt.
Per. You giue your ſelfe to griefe.
Aty. Senceleſſe and mad.
Who in much griefe, is not extremely ſad?
Per. Alas ſir, ſhe was mortall, and muſt die.
Aty. True, true, and could the fates no time eſpie
But this? to me ſhe neuer liu'd till now,
And now *Perindus*? now! oh——
Per. She was my ſiſter!
Aty. Alas, thy ſiſter!
She was my life, my ſoule, ſhe was my ſoue,
She was—words know not what ſhe was to me:
She was—thou moſt accurſed word of was,

Ref.

Per. Be comforted.

Tha. Perindus, the very name of comfort, is most comfortlesse
Comfort, ioy, hope, liu'd in her cheerfull smiling,
And now must die, or liue in far exiling.
Comfort, ioy, hope, for euer I deny you,
And would not name you now but to defie you.

Per. Sir, with more patience you haue often borne
Far greater euils.

Tha. Perindus, doe not say so,
If thou yet loue me, prethee doe not say so:
Was euer ill as this? hels breuiary,
All torment in this narrow space is layd,
The worst of all, in these two words are sayd:
Olinda dead? dead! whither doest thou lead mee?
Why, I can goe alone, alone can finde
The way I seeke, I see it best when blinde.
I prethee leaue me.

Per. Thalander, I'le not leaue thee,
Should heauen with thunder strike these arms that clasp thee,
My dying hands should but more firmely grasp thee.

Tha. Thou violat'st thy loue in thy mistaking,
And cleane forsak'st thy friend, in not forsaking
Olinda: I cannot come, they heere enchaine me.
But neyther can, nor shall they here detaine me.
I'th' meane time, all the honour I can giue thee,
Is but a graue, that sacred rocke, the place
Of my conception, and my buriall:
Since *Hymen* will not, death shall make thee mine;
If not my marriage, my death-bed shall be thine.

Exeunt.

Act. 4. Scen. 2.

Enter Rimbombo.

Farewell yee mountaines, and thou burning *Ætna*,
If yet I doe not beare thee in my breſt,
And am my ſelfe, a liuing walking *Ætna*,
The Nymphs that on you dwell, are too coy,
Too coy and proud, more fierce then robbed tygre
More deafe then ſeas, and more inflexible
Then a growne Orke, falſe, flattering, cruell, craftie,
And which moſt grieues me, when I would embrace them,
Swifter then chaſed Deere, or dogs that chaſe them,
You heauens, what haue we poore men deſerued,
That you ſhould frame a woman, I and make her
So comely and ſo needefull? why ſhould you cloath them
With ſo fine a ſhape? why ſhould you place
Gold in their haire, allurement in their face?
And that which moſt may vex vs, you impart
Fire into their burning eyes, yce to their heart.
Why ſweeten you their tongues with ſugred charmes
And force men loue, and need their greateſt harmes?
And moſt of all, why doe you make them fleete?
Minds as the windes, and wings vpon their feete?
Of hundred women that I know,
But one deſerues to be a woman:
Whom better heauens haue not made more faire,
Then courteous, louing, kinde, and debonaire:
She, when ſhe vſd our Mountaines, oft would ſtay,
And heare me ſpeake, and vow, and ſweare, and pray.
Here I haue learnt, ſhe haunts along theſe ſhores:
Within theſe rockie clifts i'le hide my ſelfe,
Till fit occaſion, if ſhee haue chang'd her minde,
Then ſafely may I curſe all women-kinde. *Exit.*

Act.

Act. 4. Scen. 3.

Enter Armillus.

Loue, without thee, all life is tedious,
Without thee, there's no ſweete, no ioy, no life;
Thou firſt gau'ſt life, and ſtill with new ſucceſſion,
Continueſt what thou gau'ſt, with ſweet inticements,
Taming the ſtrongſt rebellion, thy weapons women,
Whom thou ſo fram'ſt, that proudeſt men are glad,
Beaten with them, gently to kiſſe the rod.
Eyther my weighty paſſions pull too faſt
The wheele of time, or elſe the houre is paſt:
But this is ſhe, or I miſtake it.

Enter Coſma.

Coſ. Women that to one man their paſſions bind,
As this man alters, ſo alters ſtill their mind:
Thus euer change they, as thoſe changing faires,
And with their louers ſtill their loue impaires:
But I, when once my louers change their graces,
Affect the ſame, though now in other faces:
Thus now my mind is firme, and conſtant prou'd,
Seeing I euer loue, what firſt I lou'd.
Who blames the ſpeedy heauen, for euer ranging?
Loue's fiery, winged, light, and therfore changing.

Ar. True, faireſt Nymph, Loue is a fire ſtill burning,
And if not ſlak't, the heart to aſhes turning.

Coſ. If I could ſcold, ſir you might be chidden,
For comming to my thoughts before y'are bidden.

Ar. Blame me not (Sweet) thy words do fanne thy fires,
And coole the flames which thy faire eye inſpires.

Coſ. The fire ſo lately applied, ſo lately fram'd?
Me thinks, greene wood ſhould not be yet inflam'd.

Ar. Loues flame is not like earths, but heauens fire,
Like lightning, with a flaſh it lights deſire.

Cos. I loue not lightning: lightning loue that flashes
Before't be all on fire, will be all ashes.
Ar. Gather the fruite then while'tis yet vnblasted.
Cos. Ist worth the gathering? is it pleasing tasted?
Ar. Take say of this. *kisses her.*
Monster?
Enter Pas offering to kisse on the other side, disguised like a fury.
Cos. Helpe ho.
Exeunt Armil. Cos. severall waies.

Act. 4. *Scen.* 4.

Pas. Fredocaldo.

Pas. The Doe was almost strooke, 'twas time I came,
For once I'le be a keeper of the game.
I see'tis Owle-light, *Minervaes* waggoner, *Enter*
My old riuall, who this twenty yeeres *Fred.*
Saw nothing but what shin'd through glasse windowes;
What comes he for? I'le stay a while and watch him.
Fred. Most happy age that shall be crownd with loue
Of thy loue, *Cosma*: I am not as I seeme,
Farewell old age, I now am young againe
And feele not ages, but a louers paine,
In loue I dare aduenture with the best,
Old beaten souldiers are the worthiest:
If all my riualls heard I could dare them,
If furies should out-front me, I'de out-stare them. *Pas runs*
upon him, hee
Enter Conchylio in his Mistresses *falls and lyes*
apparell. *Exit Pas.*

Con. How well my Mistris *Cosmaes* clothes do fit me?
What pitty 'twas, I was not made a woman?
I thinke I should haue made a pretty Nymph: ha?
I could haue beene a pittifull creature,

And

And yet perhaps, a good vnhappy wench.
Cosma by this hath met with her *Armillus*,
And sports her selfe: could I meete *Fredocaldo*,
I should haue sport enough: *She stumbles at Fred.*
What *Fredocaldo* dead? courage, man.
Fred. I had a fearefull dreame, and scarce am waken.
Con. Come shake off dreames, sleepe is not fit for louers,
Wee'l to the rocky caue.
Fred. My sunne? my fire?
Con. But *Fredocaldo*, can you thinke that fire
Can loue cold water, the sunne can frost desire?
Fred. I tell thee faireſt *Cosma*, those faire eyes
Bring backe my spring:
Wrong not thy selfe, deare loue, so faire a day
Cannot but make mid-winter turne to May.
Cold rhewms I feele not, no frost's lockt in this chest,
Thy loue begets a summer in my breſt.
Con. Fie *Fredocaldo*:
Not in the open aire.

Exeunt.

Act. 4. Scen. 5.

Armillus. Cosma

Ar. What furies haunt this groue? is not this *Cosma*?
Yes: here again she comes. moſt bleſſed heauens, *Enter Cosma*
I see that yee are more gracious then Hell's spightfull.
Cosma?
Cos. Armillus.
Ar. My loue.
Cos. Sure thou haſt done some cruell murder,
And the vnexplate ghoſt thus haunts thee. (woods,
Ar. I neuer thought it, *Cosma*: rather some power of theſe
Too enuious of my good hap, and iealous of thy fauor,
Thus croſſes our desires: but if againe
He chance to interpoſe his horrid face,

I'le rather dye, then leaue thy wisht embrace. *Enter Pas disguised.*
All hell and furies haunt vs. *Exit Aff.*

Pas. Well ouertaken, Nimph, start not, you are sure,
See I am your familiar.

Cos. Beshrew your heart for thus affrighting me.

Pas. Doe you not blush to cast your loue vpon a man,
Whose loue is as himselfe an alien? to thine owne
Thou mak'st thee strange, familiar to vnknowne.

Cos Pish, thou art foolish, did I euer binde thee to me
Only? why shouldst thou then confine me
To thy sole passion? so oft before
You men haue chang'd, that you can change no more:
From bad to worse, from worse, to worst of all:
There lie you now, and can no lower fall:
And as you wisht that we should neuer roue,
We pray as fast, that you at length could moue.
Cease then for shame to raile at womens ranging:
When men begin, women will leaue their changing.
Farewell.

Pas. Nay soft, I am dog well bitten,
And will not part so easily with my prey,
I haue not tasted venison many a day.

Cos. I cannot well deny thee, 'tis thy right:
Thou well hast purchast it, this be thy right.

Exeunt.

Act. 4. Scen. 6.

Conchilio.

Con. Ha, ha, he: this old dry stubble, how it crackes i'th' burning! alas poore sapleſſe oake: 'tis time 'twere down, I stayd till he was ready, all vnready, but when he 'gan to put on his spectacles, away slipt I: hee'l doe my mistris little hurt. Spectacles! hah, ha, he! now for my louing Lobster, this is his time; and if the *Cyclops* too doe keepe his promise, O what rare compound of mirth I'le make, while the one with sha'me, the other with feare I'le take!

Then

The fish comes alreadie to the net. *Enter* Cancrone, *going backeward vpon her.*

Can. To all I speake, but I tell no man,
Whether I loue *Nymph* or woman. *He lookes ouer his shoulders.*

Con. Tell not mee, but tell the rocks,
Not words must disciple you but knocks.
I am out of your debt for a rime.

Can. I thinke shee knew my cue,
The charme begins to worke already.

Con. I know not how this fishers hooke hath caught mee,
I euer for his rudenesse loue him: 'tis the badge of innocencie.

Can. Somewhat rude if you will, but innocent in your face.

Con. O those glearing eyes that dart the beames,
The beames that drownd my heart with fierie streames.

Can. Now to *Cupids* arrowe tree, and she sinks downe-right condoling; *Cosma*, I haue pitty on thee, but it beseemes a man of my confession, to haue a negligent care of his good reparation abroad in the world and else-where; I would be loth to be seene in my loue-worke, i'le mount the tree and scry the coast. *He goes vp the tree.*

Con. Stay not, but come againe thy selfe, sweete heart, to receiue me.

Can. O ho, here's bundance of people, bundance a lookers on, I dare not loue thee before them all, wee'l into the myrtle groue present.

Con. Quickly returne, my loue, returne *Cancrone* my deare st.

Can. Stand forth *Cosma*, and lay on till thou come to that, I cry, I dye, I lye.

Con. I spie him now approaching, *Enter Rimbombo.*
What though he be all ragges in his limbs? what though his gesture taste of violence? we Nymphes, they say, like not such wooers worst.

Rim. Thou speakest of thy *Rimbombo*, that myrtle groues which loue the winding shores, deserue to bee to *Venus* consecrate, as faster friends to louers, then the woods and caues of all the Mounts of *Sicily*, whose Nymphs do coyly shunne and mocke our troopes.

Con.

Con. you come somewhat before your time, *Rimbombo*,
And yet in loue preuention is no crime:
Louers may come before, not out of time.
And truly I wish, y'had come a little sooner.
Euen now a mongrell crabbed fisher swaine
Laid siege to this vnconquered fort.

Rim. What wight of braueſt blood by sea and land dares share with mee in *Cosmaes* loue? by *Polypheme* my sea-bred sire I vow, the sand on which he treads, is not so small, as shall this pestell make his pounded bones.

Con, Nay now he treadeth not vpon these sands, but is fled vp to the hills, and shortly thence will of himselfe come tumbling downe to mee.

Rim. I would he durst: I neuer yet but once did taste of fishers blood, tis iollie sweete: come fisher, this way or that way I am for you at both weapons, club or teeth: let's to the groue, see, euery mirtle tree bids warre to fishers peace, and ioy to mee. Why weepes my *Cosma*? Sweete, feare not that which thou desirest.

Con. Sweete *Cyclops*, meanst thou to rauish mee?

Rim. O heauens thine owne appointed time and place, thine owne sweete *Cyclops*, and can rauishment? ——

Con. Why this know; wee *Nymphs* that long liue chast, and weare our girdle of vitginity ——— but lo, *Diana* stops my tongue, shee bends her deadly bow, I dare not.

Rim. Speake on, here's none but trees, and thy true, lie true *Rimbombo*.

Con. By that bright flame which like one only sunne giues day to'th spheare of thy maiesticke face, I thee adiure, that thou disclose to none this sacred mysterie.

Rim. Not: to my mother: no not in my dreame: say on.

Con. Wee neither yeeld, nor take in loue delight,
Vntill our girdle first be once vnplight
By louers hands, and then about his waist,
By our owne hands the same be tied fast.
Now all is out.

Rim.

Rim. A pretty piece of work, my hands do their office nimbly; I haue vnfettered thee, come put this sweete yoke on mee.

Con. Nay turne about, it must be tied contrarie to other girdles, iust behind. Stand neerer to mee, yet neere.

Rim. As close as thou wilt, *Cosma*; I would your filthy fisher saw vs now, 't would make his teeth water.

Con. Hang him stinking Lobster, he dares not look vpon any of thy kinne: his haddocke eyes would start out of his head, if he should see but one haire of *Rimbomboes* head.

Rim. How long wilt thou be tying mee?

Con. The more knots I tie, the faster will my loue be to you: but you'l be prating of this secret, when you come home among your mounting *Nymphs*.

Rim. If I doe, then geld mee: hast thou done?

Con. I haue but three knots to tie: they are all true knots.

Rim. When thou hast done, prethee come kisse me, *Cosma*, I see thou art a pure virgin, thou neuer didst this office before, thou art no quicker at it. What *Cosma*? what? no *Cosma*! what a woodden wench? here's a true loue knot with a witnes. O faithlesse *Cosma*! O witlesse *Rimbombo*! O *Nymph*! O fishers! O shepheards! O Satyrs! O *Cyclops*!

Conchylio steales away, leauing him bound to the tree where Cancrone is.

Enter Conchylio againe.

Con. Ha, ha ha: O loue! O wit! O tree! O girdle! O platter face! O oyster eyes!

Rim. Thou bitch, thou witch, thou spawne of a mermaid.

Con. Thou *Ætna*, thou Chaos, thou Hell: nay tugge and tugge, my virginitie is tough and strong enough: O for some *Nymphs* fishers or shepheards to baite this *Orke*. I'le out and call in some bandog: so ho, so ho, ho, ho. *Exit.*

Rim. The knots are so many, the girdle so strong, and the tree stands so fast. O anger! O shame! here shee'll bring in all the country to laugh mee to death, hide yet thy face with some of these lower boughs.

Enter Conchylio.

Con. So ho, so ho: O dogged fortune! not one *Nymph* to be found not one feate fisher! not one: but that eating fisher that

is readie to wing his sea token net on the *Cyclops* blockhead.

Rim. Away thou monstrous woman, oh, oh.

Con. Away thou monstrous mans ah ha hey.

Rim. How now! what's that? what, haue I another witnes of my folly? what gobbet of mans flesh grows vpon this tree?

Con. Ile haue a graft of this mirtle tree, it beares fine loue wormes, on the stocke, a maggot wou'd vp in a Cobweb, on the bough a barnacle, which ere long will fall and turne to a goose: now *Cupids* gosling, now on your bare-head knee, goe begge at *Cupids* doore.

Can. Ah cursed *Cupid*, i'le no more of thy seruice, I had rather fight with nine Orkes, ha, hei, au.

Rim. Come downe thou fished bit; my mouth shall catch thee. Gentle *Cosma*, i'le forgiue thee all, & loue thee yet, if thou wilt helpe to reach my walking sticke; i'le make my young Orke-ketcher beleeue he shall bee his grandsires heire.

Con. Your staffe? marry and shalt, it's a pretty pole to bang those boughes withall, and when thou doest it, doe but gape, and that rotten plumme will fall into thy mouth.

Can. Nay, I know of old I should be deuoured.

Con. Thy staffe, *Rimbombo*, is not for a weak Nymph to lift.

Rim. Yet a little more to this hand: Oh oh, my shoulder's thunderstrook! O coward *Ioue*, to strike me on the backe, but wast our fisher lubber? is he escap't our hands?

While Rimbombo reaches for his staffe, Cancrone leapes on's backe, and lies on the ground.

Con. VVhy *Cancrone*, rise, i'le helpe thee.

Can. Good *Charon* carry me ouer gently, my bones are sore, and your boate side so hard.

Con. Giue me thy hand, i'le waft thee.

Can. I tell thee *Charon*, I haue nothing to giue thee for ferriage, i'le helpe to row, I haue beene a poore fisher while I liu'd.

Rim. I would I were there too, but that I should sinke *Charons* boate with a tree at my backe.

Con. VVhy valorous *Cancrone*, view thy selfe and mee thy captiue *Cosma*, we are conquerours, behold our enemies in fetters fast bound.

Can. Am I aliue indeede? me thought this legge hung out

of

of *Charons* boate i'th' water, did I tie the Orke there; *Cancrone* Come captain, let's goe triumphing to the temple. *riseth vp.*

Con. Nay, the Ork's dead and buried, this is the second fatall for the *Cyclops.*

Can. Is he safe? i'le make side-slops on him. I lay studying how to deale with him vpon equall tearmes: come if thou dareſt, thou ſea-bred brat of *Polyphemes* ſire, you that would licke your lips at ſweete fiſhers blood! ſweete fiſhers blood! marke that *Coſma*: I hope you thinke ſo too.

Rim. Sweete fiſher, I will turne thy net-maker if thou wilt vndoe me.

Can. No, it ſhall nere be ſaid that I was the vndoing of any man by net-making, and beſides, I haue forſworne the muddie trade.

Con. Cancrone, wher's thy ſpirit? this is that pocketted vp thy grandſire in his wide intrailes.

Can. Me thought, when I was on the tree, his breath ſmelt of fiſh, my ſtomacke euen foam'd at him. Now then, ſir *Bompelo*, as that Orke mouth of thine did crumme thy porridge with my grandſires braines, and then gaue him his deaths wound too, ſo will I firſt mince out thy ſcald-pate bones, and giue thy fleſh to a fiſhers boy for haddocks meate, & then, O then I will geld thee, that thou neuer ſhalt run rutting after the Nymphs. How lik'ſt thou this?

Rim. Shame and ſcorne make me ſilent.

Con. Nay, I will tell thee fitter vengeance, vſe him, as ſage *Vlyſſes* did his father *Polypheme.*

Can. That ſame *Foolyſhes* had a pole-cat head, I meane to mitigate him: he was ſomething, as it were about branding a huge ſtone in a caue, in a goates skinne with *Polypheme*, when the fire-brand was aſleepe.

Con. I, I, in the caue he branded out *Polyphemes* eye, when he was aſleepe, and you muſt imitate him: here take his owne ſtaffe, and make it an extinguiſher for that glazing lampe.

Rim. This ſport I like worſt of all: helpe, gods of the woods.

Can. I'le blow the coale while you take your aime, but will your farginity hold him faſt?

Con. I warrant you it has been tried, come be thou my rest, i'le tilt on thy ſhoulders.

Can. Raunt tara, raunt taunt: &c. I ſhall make you ſtumble, let me Come hindermoſt.

Cancrone falls, and his dagger from him in the Cyclops reach.

Con. O your Whineyeard, the enemy hath ſeazd on't.

Can. 'Tis no matter, hee'l hardly make it fly out of the Eele-skinne, it hath ſeene no ſunne this fiue quarters of a yeere I am ſure.

Con. I hope the ſalt breath of the ſea hath ſeald it vp.

Can. O *Coſma*, 'tis out, let vs out too.

Con. O *Cancrone*, loe thy *Coſma*, *Cupid*, and *Couchiló*. *Cyclops*, blame not this my ſuppoſed ſexe, no Nymph, but lad hath caught thee in this ſnare. *Exit.*

Rim. The greater ſhame, and fouler ſcorne to me. Vp to the hill, *Kimbombo* flye this ſhore, And neuer deale with fiſher-Nymph-lad more. *Exit.*

CHORVS.

This his wiues quicke fate lamenting,
Orpehus ſate his ſoule tormenting:
While the ſpeedy wood came running,
And riuers ſtood to heare his cunning:
The hares ran with the dogs along,
Not from the dogs, but to his ſong:
But when all his verſes turning,
Onely fram'd his poore hearts burning:
Of the higher powers complaining,
Downe he went to hell diſdaining:
There his ſiluer Lute-ſtrings hitting,
And his potent verſes fitting:
All the ſweets that ere he tooke
From his ſacred mothers brooke:
What his double ſorrow giues him,

And loue that doubly double grieues him:
There he spends to moone deafe hell,
Charming Deuils with his spell:
And with sweetest asking leaue
Does the Lord of ghosts deceaue.
Caron amaz'd his boate foreslowes,
While the boate, the sculler rowes,
And of it selfe to 'th' shoare doth floate,
Tripping on the dancing moate.
The threeheaded Porter preast to heare,
Prickt vp his thrice double eare,
The Furies, plagues for Guilt vp-heaping,
Now as guilty, fell a weeping:
Ixion, though his wheele stood still,
Still was wrapt with Musickes skill.
Tantale might haue eaten now,
The fruite as still as was the bough,
But he foole no longer fearing,
Starv'd his taste to feede his hearing.
Thus since loue hath wonne the field,
Heauen and Hell, to Earth must yeeld,
Blest soule that dyest in loues sweete sound,
That lost in loue in loue art found.
If but a true-loues ioy thou once doe proue,
Thou wilt not loue to liue, vnlesse thou liue to loue.

Act. 5. Scen. 1.

Enter Aleippus and Thalander with a torch.

Tha. TEll me, *Aleippus*, is it day or night? (light.
Al. The light you beare, shews you there is no
Tha. This is none: light was light in her eyes,
In them it liu'd, put out with them it dies.
The sunne is quench't.

Al. Yet ſoone will ſhine againe.

Tha. Not poſſible! heauens light will euer plaine.
When her two liuing ſtars can ſinke and die,
How can the ſunne dreame immortality?

Al. Sir, if your to mee, or mine to you, might giue me priuiledge, I faine would tell you, that this too fixed loue ſeemes rather doting.

Tha. Alcippus, didſt thou euer loue?

Al. I thinke ſir neuer,

Tha. I thinke ſo too, nor canſt know what loue is.

Al. Yet this I know, loue ſtill is of the faireſt,
Fond then the loue, that loues the withered,
But madneſſe ſeemes to dote vpon the dead.

Tha. True, true, *Alcippus*, loue is of the faireſt,
And therefore neuer tyed vnto the body:
Which if compared vnto the mindes faire graces,
Seemes like the blocke that *Lunaes* face defaces.
But grounded on the mind, whoſe vertuous parts,
And liuing beauties are loues ſureſt darts,
Which makes me now as freely loue as euer:
Her vertue and my loue decayeth neuer.
Seeſt thou this rocke, *Alcippus*? 'tis a temple,
Olindaes temple! 'tis a ſacred ſhrine,
Where vertue, beauty, and what ere diuine,
Are to be worſhipt, prethee friend now leaue me,
Here is an Altar, I muſt ſacrifice.

Al. If you will leaue your griefe.

Tha. I will, I will:
Indeede I will; leaue me: griefs ebbe growes lowe,
When priuate hearts th' eye-bankes ouerflow.

Al. I will retire, not leaue him: well, I feare,
When two ſuch flood-ſtreams meet, loue and deſpaire.

Tha. Thou bleſſed Altar, take theſe worthleſſe offrings,
The corral's once more drown'd in brine of ſorrow,
Theſe pearly ſhells, which dayly ſhall bee fild
With my hearts water, through my eyes diſtild.

You corralls, whose fresh beauties are a shadow
Of her sweete blushes, tell her liuing graces,
Though now as you pluckt from their natiue places,
Are yet as you from your first seate remou'd,
Here fresher shining then when first I lou'd.
Thou rocke, that in thy blest armes doest infold her,
Witnes my heart as firme as you do hold her.
And now goodnight thou set sunne beauties, neuer,
Neuer more to be seene, goodnight for euer,
Thou siluer forehead and thou golden haire,
My best, my onely treasure when you were,
You snowy plaines, and you faire modest dies,
You liuing stars, but now two quenched lights,
Whose fall, heauens stars with feared ruine frights.
You eyebrowes, which like Rainbowes two appeare;
A miracle, Rainebowes on skie so cleare.
And all you vnseene beauties softly rest,
Sleepe, quiet sleepe you in this stony chest,
I cannot long; I will not long be from you,
Shortly i'le come, and in this rockie bed
Slumber with my *Olinda*, with *Olinda*
I'le sleepe my fill, meane time as neere as may be,
Here rest mine eyes, rest close by your *Olinda*.

He lies downe by the rocke.

Harke, harke; *Arion*, thou choice *Musician*,
Sing mee a note that may awake pale death,
Such as may moue deafe Hell, and Stygian *Ione*,
Such as once *Orpheus* —— O I am idle, idle:
Sleep, sleep, mine eyes, this short releasement take you,
Sleepe, sleepe for euer; neuer more awake you.
Her face your obiect neuer more shall be,
Sleepe then, vaine eyes, why should you wish to see?

Act. 5. Scen. 2.

The Rocke opens: Enter Olinda led by Glaucus and Circe: they retire leauing Olinda.

Song.

Olin. Thou worthiest daughter of the greatest light,
Most powerfull *Circe*, and then honour'd *Glaucus*,
What dutie a poore fisher maid may giue you,
In thankes, and vowes, and holy offerings,
Shall still be ready at your sacred altars.
Thalander, now to thee, what sacrifice?
What offerings may appease thy wronged loue?
What haue I but my selfe? ah worthlesse prize
Of such, so tryed, and so vnmou'd a faith.
Ah, could I spend my body, weare my soule,
And then resume another soule and body,
And then consume that soule and body for thee,
All would not pay the vse of halfe my debt.
How pale he lookes, how strangely alter'd!
Is he not dead? no, no, his pulse is quicke,
His heart is strong, and rising, in his heate,
Threatens with strokes, my churlish hand to beate:
Nature, how couldst in one so firmely tie
Perpetuall motion to fixt constancy?
How can this wonder fall in Notion,
A heart vnmou'd, yet still in motion!
Alas he weepes, I hope his griefe and feares
Swimme fast away in those sad streaming teares.
Th'ast mourn'd enough, more iustly may I weepe,
Leaue me thy teares, rest thou and sweetely sleepe.

Thalander starts vp.

Tha. Morpheus, one more such dreame shall buy me.

Where

Where, where art, *Olinda*? whither, whither flyeſt thou?
Olin. Nay whither flies *Thalander*? here's *Olinda*:
Tell mee why wak'd the ſubſtance thou eſcheweſt,
Whoſe ſhadowe in a dreame thou gladly vieweſt.
Tha. Thou faireſt ſhadow of a *Nymph* more faire,
Eath yet I ſee cannot thy light impaire.
Olin. Thou dreameſt ſtill *Thalander*!
Tha. Ah too too true;
For ſuch a ſight wake ſhall I neuer viewe.
Olin. I liue.
Tha. Would I were dead on that condition.
Olin. So would not I: beleeue me friend, I liue.
Tha. Could I beleeue it, I were happie.
Olin. If mee thou wilt not, truſt thy ſence, thy eyes.
Tha. They ſaw thee dead, how ſhall I truſt my eie,
Which either now or then did vowcha lie?
Olin. Credit thy touch.
Tha. Then like a dreame thou 'lt flie,
Olin. Thou flyeſt, thou art the ſhadow loue not I:
Thalander, take this, tis thine for euer,
Nothing but death, nor death this knot ſhall ſeuer.

Enter Alcippus.

Al. How is this! haue you learnt, haue you learnt your mother *Circes* art to raiſe the dead? wonder? thinke ſhee liues.
Olin. What ſays *Thalander*? does he yet beleeue mee?
Tha. If thou art dead, faire hand, how doeſt reuiue mee?
Olin. Thalander, heart and hand had now beene cold but for, *Glaucilla*, ſhe preuenting *Coſma*, temperd the poyſonous viall, changing death for ſleepe, ſo gaue mee life, thee loue.
Tha. Alcippus, art thou there? thou art my freind I prethee tell mee true, true *Alcippus*! doeſt thou not ſee *Olinda*?
Al. I ſee her in your hand.
Tha. Art ſure tis ſhe? tell me, are wee aliue?
Art ſure we wake? are we not both miſtaken?
If now I ſleepe, O letme neuer waken.
Al. If you would ſurely know, trie if ſheebreathe,

Tha. Thy hand liues: doe thy lips liue too *Olinda*!
Alcippus, shee liues and breathes, *Alcippus*:
And with that sugred bread my heart both fir'd,
And life and loue with thousand ioyes inspir'd.
Ah my *Olinda*.

Olind. My deare, my deare *Thalander*.

Tha. Ist possible thou liu'st? ist sure I hold thee?
These happy armes shall neuer more vnfold thee.

Olin. Tell mee, my loue, canst thou such wrongs forgiue mee?

Tha. My ioy, my soule.

Olin. I neuer more will grieue you.
Canst thou forget my hate, my former blindnes?
If not, boldly reuenge my rash vnkindnes.
Pierce this vile heart my soules vngratefull center,
Pierce with thy dart where loues dart could not enter.

Tha. For thy defence my hand shall still attend thee,
My hand and heart, but neuer to offend thee:
The only penance that I enioyne thee euer,
Is that wee liue and loue and ioy together.
Thinke not my hand will sacriledge commit,
To breake this temple where all Graces sit.

Olin. True, true my loue, tis vow'd a temple now,
Where euer shall be worshipt loue and thou.

Al. You happie paire, since *Cosma's* spight's defeated,
And *Magoe's* charmes, and death by loue is cheated,
Why stand you here? tis time from hence to moue:
This was the bedde of death, and not of loue.
Death hath his part of night, loue challengeth
The rest, loue claimes the night as well as death.

Tha. What sayes my loue?

Olin. What my *Thalander*, euer
With thee to life or death, but from thee neuer.

Al. This halfe perswades mee to become a louer. *Exeunt.*
Where better could her loue then here haue neasted?
Or he his thoughts more daintily haue feasted?

Manet Alcippus.

Act.

Act. 5. Scen. 3.

Enter Tyrinthus *and* Gryphus.

Tyr. Knowst thou *Perindus* sister, or *Olinda*?
Al. I know them both sir.
Tyr. Liue they yet and breathe?
Al. They liue and now most happy. *Exit Alcippus.*
Tyr. Thou mak'st me happy, in thy happy newes.
All thankes yee heauenly powers, when I forget
Your goodnesse in my childrens life and safety,
Let heauen forget both me and mine for euer.
Gryphus, backe to our shippe, and fetch mee thence
The vestments vowd to Neptune, and the chest,
Wherein I lockt my other offerings. *Exit Gryphus.*
This rocke my heart prefers before a palace.
Fond men that haue enough yet seeke for more,
I thought by traffique to encrease my store,
And striuing to augment this carefull pelfe,
I lost my goods, my liberty, my selfe:
Taken by *Persians* on the *Grecian* seas,
So I my captaine and the King did please,
Soone was I loosed from my slauish band,
And straight preferd to haue a large command,
There haue I now consum'd these thrice fiue summers,
There might I haue liu'd long in wealth and honour,
But ah thou little home, how in thy want
The world so spacious, yet seemes too too scant!
At my departure hence I left two infants,
Perindus and *Olinda*, the boy some eyght,
The girle but two yeeres old, their mother dead,
Who giuing life to 'th' girle, so tooke her death,
And left her owne, to giue her infant breath.
Great *Ioue* and *Neptune*, I will keepe my vowes,
Seeing my Children liue, two chosen bulls,

With mirtle crownd, and Oake leaues laid with gold,
Shall fall vpon your altars.

Enter Pas.

Pas. You sacred vertues, truth and spotlesse fayth,
Where will you liue, if not in such a Nymph?
Whose brest will you now seeke? what mansion?
Tyr. My trembling heart doth some great ill diuine,
And tels me, euery griefe and feare is mine.
Pas. VVhere now can vnsuspected friendship rest?
If treachery possesse so faire a brest.
Tyr. Fishers what newes?
Pas. Sir, little as concernes you.
Tyr. Pray heauens it doe not.
Pas. Your habit speakes a stranger,
And yet me thinkes, I somewhat else haue seene,
Some lineaments of that face: are you *Tyrinthus*?
Tyr. The same.
Pas. O cruell heauens! could you finde
No other time, to giue him backe his country?
If thus you giue, happy whom you deny,
The greater good, the greater iniury:
Thy onely daughter
Tyr. Is dead. *Tyrinthus falls.*
Pas. I should haue sayd so. Alas, he falls. (feete?
Tyrinthus, what, one blow thus strike thee vnder fortunes
How loth his life returnes!
Tyr. How well I had forgot my griefe,
And found my rest, with losse of restlesse life!
Thou much hast wrong'd me, fisher, 'tis no loue,
Death from his iust possession to remoue:
Heauens, ye haue thankes for both, yet one you slue,
Giue backe halfe of thy thankes, take but your due:
I owe you nothing for *Olinda*, nothing.
Ah poore *Olinda*! I shall neuer more,
Neuer more see thee: thy father must lament thee,

Thy

Thy father, who in death should long preuent thee,
How long since died shee?

Pas. With the last sunne she fell.

Tyr. Sure heauens, ye mocke me: alas, what victory?
What triumph in an old mans misery?
VVhen you haue wonne, what conquest, that you slue
A wretch that hated his life as much as you?

Pas. Sir, you forget your selfe: to warre with heauen,
Is no lesse fond, then dangerous.

Tyr. Tell me fisher, haue you a child?

Pas. No sir.

Tyr. No maruell then
Thou blam'st my griefe, of which thou hast no sence:
First lose a child, then blame my patience.

Pas. If thou be grieu'd, this is no way to ease it,
Sooner we anger heauen, then thus appease it.

Tyr. But when the heart such weight of sorrow beares,
It speakes from what it feeles, and what it feares.
Died she by a naturall, or by violent meanes?

Pas. Nature refuses an office so vnnaturall.

Tyr. Hard fate, most fitly were you women made:
Since fate vnmercifull, vnmoued stands,
VVell was lifes distaffe put in womens hands.
Kild by a man?

Pas. No man was so vnnaturall.

Tyr. A woman!

Pas. Yes.

Tyr. Fit instrument of women: what was the weapon?

Pas. The cowards weapon, poyson.

Tyr. Canst tell the murderers name?

Pas. Her name *Glaucilla*:
A Nymph thought absolute, though now infected,
That heauen it selfe might sooner bee suspected.

Tyr. Tell me the circumstance.

Pas. 'Twill but more grieue you.

Tyr. True, but 'tis pitty in vnhelpt distresse,

Condemned ſoules with all the weight to preſſe.
Pas. *Olinda* this laſt night complain'd to *Coſma*,
(A Nymph which lately came from faire *Meſſena*)
That this *Glaucillaes* powerfull charmes had fir'd her,
And with *Thalanders* loue now dead, inſpir'd her
With ſuch a feeling griefe, her griefe lamenting,
That ſhe, to helpe ſo deſperate loue conſenting,
Gaue her a water which ſhe oft did proue,
Would eyther quench or eaſe the paines of loue,
Which *Coſma* ſwore, the other nere denyed.
Glaucilla chang'd, *Olinda* dranke and dyed.
Dicæus hearing this——
Tyr. Liues then *Dicæus*?
Pas. As well and iuſt as euer.
Tyr. His life doth ſomewhat mend
My childs ſad death, after a child, a friend.
Pas. *Dicæus* by this euidence condemnes her
By 'th' law, from that high rocke to fall, and ſhe
With ſmiling welcom'd death, and quietly
Steal'd to the rocke from whence ſhee muſt be caſt.
Wonder ſo heauie guilt ſhould flye ſo faſt!
She led her leaders to that deepe deſcending,
The guilty drawes the guiltleſſe to their ending:
And thus I left them, and with her iuſt *Dicæus*,
To ſee her execution, who goes not from her,
Till from the rocke, in ſeas ſhe leaue her breath,
Die muſt ſhe as ſhe kild, water her crime and death.
Tyr. Ah my poore *Olinda*! had I ſeene thee yet
And clos'd thine eyes, alas my poore *Olinda*!
Pas. This griefe is vaine and can no more reuiue her, you loſe your teares.
Tyr. When that I hold moſt deare is euer loſt, poore loſſe to loſe a teare.
Pas. Your ſonne ſtriues, the good which heau'n bereaues you,
You quickly ſee, but ſee not what it leaues you.

Tyr.

Tyr. Art ſure he liues?

Pas. Two houres ſince, ſad I left him,
But ſafe.

Tyr. What chances happen in an houre?
By this he may be dead and buried.
But yet *Perindus*, if thou liuing be,
My halfe ioy liues, my halfe ioy dies in thee.

Act. 5. *Scen.* 2.

Enter Cancrone *and* Scrocca *bound*: Nomicus *the* Prieſt.

Can. Ah *Scrocca*, thou haſt often heard me ſay, it would be my lucke to be deuoured; and to tell thee true, I euer fear'd thoſe *Cyclops* moſt; I neuer had any minde to them.

Scr. Why *Cancrone*, this is the ſlauery on't, had wee beene Maſter fiſhers, we ſhould neuer haue beene troubled to climbe vp theſe Mountaines, wee ſhould neuer haue beene caſt to our old acquaintance the fiſh.

Tyr. Fiſher, knowſt thou theſe men?

Pas I know the men, but not their meaning.

Can. That would neuer haue angred me, thou knowſt wee haue fed vpon fiſh this many yeere, and for vs to haue made them one merry meale, had beene but the ſigne of a thankefull nature, but ah thoſe *Cyclops*, *clops*, *clops*. *Scrocca*, I cannot digeſt them.

Scr. I feare they will 'geſt vs well enough.

Can. And yet I care not much if I were ſure to bee eaten vp by that *Cyclops* that ate vp my grandſire, for then I might haue ſome hope to ſee the good old man once againe before I die.

Scr. I care not whoſe hands I fall into, I'me ſure hee ſhall haue no ſweete bitte of mee now; nothing grieues mee, but that hauing done but one good deede in all my life, I muſt die for that.

Nom.

Nom. Thou fooliſh fiſher, thinkſt it good to ſtop
The courſe of iuſtice, and breake her ſword, the Law?
By Law thou liu'ſt: hee iuſtly death deſerues,
VVho that deſtroyes, which him and his preſerues.

Tyr. Are not theſe my old men, *Scrocca* and *Cancrone*?

Scr. VVell ſir, you may ſay what you will, but if wee liue by the Law, how commeth it to paſſe, that we muſt die by the Law?

Can. Mee thinks I ſee how buſie *Rimronce* will bee about me: he ſurely will be vpon my backe, for my being vpon his, a while a goe.

Scr. Nay *Cancrone*, thou dieſt for ſauing thy maſter too.

Tyr. Ay me, my ſonne?

Can. I haue no minde to climbe theſe Mountaines, I begin to bee ſhort-winded already, I ſhall neuer hold out; had I thought it would haue come to this, I would haue bene vilely tempted to ha let my Maſter drowne quickly.

Scr. What, man? thou could'ſt neuer haue done thy Maſter better ſeruice then to dye for him, nay, if *Perindus* liue, I care not.

Tyr. Perindus? I can hold no longer, friend, who is thy Maſter? why art thou manacled?

Scr. Mantled hither! marry this Prieſt hath mantled vs for ſauing our Maſter *Perindus*.

Tyr. Ay me, my ſonne.

Can. Vds fiſh, old Maſter, where haue you beene this 20 yeeres and more;

Nom. Tyrinthou! at ſuch a time! ſir, your arriuall is eyther very happy, or elſe moſt hapleſſe, eyther to ſee, or elſe preuent a danger.

Tyr. Prieſt, how is my *Perindus*?

Nom. Doom'd to die.

Tyr. What is the cauſe?

Nom. His will.

Tyr. Who could perſwade him?

Nom. She who moſt ſtroue to hinder and diſſwade him.

Tyr. What had he done?

Nom. That which deserues all life and loue.

Tyr. How fine the heauens powers can sorrowes frame!
The fates will play, and make my woe their game.
VVhere is he?

Can. Safe enough I warrant you, get's leaue of the Priest, master, and wee'l goe fetch him.

Ser. We caught him out of the water.

Can. O, he had supt a bundance of salt porridge!

Ser. And brought him to the shippe where the mariners keepe him.

Tyr. VVhy stand I idle here! O to the shore i'le fly,
And eyther with him liue, or for him die.

Can. Master, master, master. *Exit Tyrinthus.*

Pan. Ile follow him: nature can doe no lesse
Then eyther helpe, or pitty such distresse. *Exit Pan.*

Can. Nay if you goe too, then farewell all,
Farewell ye rockes, farewell to thee O loue,
You louely rockes, you hard and rocky loue.
Nay I shall turne swaine presently and sing my finall song.

Nom. I maruell what it is that stayes *Dicaus.*

Con. Marry let him stay till I send for him, the *Cyclops* shall want their breakefast this month.

Nom. Here I must stay for him.

Act. 5. *Scen.* 5.

Enter Cosma.

Cos. Faine would I know how my ginne thriues and prospers. *Olinda* is fast, and by my disamour hath quencht her loue with death: if now *Glaucilla* bee taken in that snare, then am I cunning: well may I proue a fisher, who haue tooke too maides so soone with one selfe baite and hooke. Is not that *Nomicus*? I shall learne of him. *Nomicus*?

Nom. Who *Cosma*?

Cos. Why are these fishers bound?

Con. For you.

Cos. For mee?

Can. I for you, had not you cus'd *Glaucilla*, shee had not bene condemnd: if shee had not beene condemnd, *Perindus* would not haue died for her: if he would not haue died for her, he had not fallen from the rocke: had he not fallen from the rocke, we had not sau'd him: if wee had not sau'd him, wee had not beene bound: were wee not bound, wee would showe a faire payre of heeles,

Cos. What talks this foole? *Perindus* falne from the rocke!

Nom. Hast thou not heard then of *Perindus* faith and fal?

Cos. No, not a word; but faine would heare.

Nom. And shalt: my tongue is as ready as thy eare; Meane while leade these away, soone as *Dicaus* returnes, I'le ouertake you.

Can. I prethee Mr *Priest*, let mee craue one fauour; that I may haue an *Epitaph* for mee in *Neptunes* church porch, Ile neuer goe farther.

Nom. Heres no time for *Epitaphs*, away.

Can. Nay, tis soone done, Ile trouble neuer a poet of them all, I haue it already.

Cancrone valorous and kind, where art thou?
Cancrone too kind and valorous to liue,
Ingulfst in Cyclops guts. Readers, why start you?
His life for his master he did freely giue.

Vngratefull *Sicelie* that want'st his bones,
Instead of members keeping his memorie in stones.
Short and sweete, Mr *Priest*.

Ser. *Cancrone*, this is a land voyage, you must leade the way.

Can. But when wee saile downe the *Cyclops* throat, Ile giue you the preeminence. *Exeunt.*

Nom. After that hapleſſe *Nymph* had heard her doome,
As shee was led to'th' rocke, i'th' middle way,
Perindus flying fast, calls out, Stay:
And for he thought his feete too slowly bore him,

Before

Before he came, he sent his voyce before,
Stay, stay, *Dicaus*, th'art a man, I see,
And well mayst erre heauens not more pure then she.
Yet since the doome is past i'le, pawne my breath,
And make your fact lesse hanious by my death:
I'le lose her life in me, and she shall spend
My life in her, so both shall better end.

Cos. This was no ill newes to the Nymph.

Nom. Yes, yes: then first she thought her selfe condemnd,
Death in him shee fear'd and in her selfe contemnd.
That law it selfe (says shee) should suffer death,
Which one condemnes, another punnisheth.
True, sayes *Perindus*, my life, my all's in thee,
When thou offendst, why shouldst thou punish me?
But briefe to giue their words in short contracted,
VVas neuer part of loue more louely acted:
Both loath to liue, and both contend to die,
VVhere onely death stroue for the victory.
Meane time I could but weepe, nor I alone,
That two such loues should die, not liue in one.

Cos. Their spotlesse fayth's a cristall, where I see
Too late my cancred hates deformity.

Nom. At length the law it selfe decides the strife,
That he with losse of his might buy her life.
Then and but then she, wept, and to preuent him,
Downe fell shee with a deadly looke and eye,
Acting the prologue of his tragedy,
And wak'd againe, she 'gan to chide and raue,
And vowes to liue no further then his graue;
VVhile he with cheerfull steps the rockes ascending:
Feareless beholds his death, that steepe descending,
And boldly standing on the vtmost browe,
Thus spake:
Poore life, I neuer knew thy worth till now,
How thou art ouervalewed to pay
Her life with thine, gold with base alcumy.

Cos. Iust, iust, you heauens, I haue set a gin
For them, and now my selfe the first am in.
Nom. Then turning to his loue, thus spake his last:
Farewell *Glaucilla*, liue and in thy breast
As in a heauen my loue and life shall rest:
Seeke not by death thy selfe from griefe to free,
Remember now *Perindus* liues in thee.
Cherish my heart, which in thy heart doth lye,
For whilst thou liu'st, *Perindus* cannot dye:
So leapt he lightly from the cloudy rocke.
Cos. Is hee then dead?
Nom. No: for the guilty sea
With soft embraces wrapt his limbes;
It seemes the waues moou'd with Sympathy,
Would teach vnhumane men humanity.
Though they could not preuent, would ease his fall;
And not consenting to his pious death,
Restor'd him vp againe to aire and breath:
Briefly, those two his seruants nor regarding,
Diceus threatning voyce, and iust awarding,
With him tooke vp his guilt, and to a shippe
That rides in the hauen safe conuayd him, there
They left him now reuiu'd, themselues were taken
And as the law commands, were doom'd to suffer
The death of slaues: both to be strongly bound,
And in those hils left to the greedy *Cyclops*:
And now the stay is onely in *Diceus*,
At whose returne they suffer, iust they dye,
Who loue their master more then equity.
Cos. O lawlesse loue! this foule offence,
Which when it prosperd, pleasd my rauish't sence:
With what a drie aspect, what horrid sight,
Now done, it fils my soule with guilty fright,
Who ere thou art, if in thy spotlesse breast,
Thy vndefiled thoughts doe quiet rest:

Wake them not, and let no blood-hound with thee dwell,
These murthering thoughts are like the mouth of hell,
Into whose yawning 'tis more easie neuer
To fall, then faine, to cease from falling euer.

Enter Pas.

Pas. *Nomicus*, thou now mayst let thy prisoners free,
Thalander to *Olinda* now reuiu'd,
Perindus to *Glaucilla* are to be married,
And all are brought along with singing,
Hymen the shores, *Hymen* the ecchoes ringing.
Namicus, seest thou this Nymph? ah couldst thou thinke
That treason, enuy, murder, spight and hell,
All hell it selfe in such a heauen could dwell?
This is the knot of all these sorrowes; *Cosma*,
If not for shame, why yet for spight or fashion,
For womans fashion let some teares bee spilt:
A sea of weeping will not wash thy guilt.

Nom. Great nature, that hast made a stone descry
Twixt meaner natures, checking baser metalls,
Which proudly counterfeit the purer gold,
Why hast thou left the soule of man no touch-stone,
To iudge dissemblance, and descry proud vice,
Which with false colours seemes more vertuous
Then vertues selfe? like to some cunning workeman,
Who frames a shape in such a forme of stature,
That oft he excells by imitating nature.
He that should looke vpon this Nymphs sweete eye,
Would vow't a temple sworne to purity.

Pas. If murder rest in such a louely grace,
Here do I vow neuer to trust a face.
Shall I call backe your Prisoners?

Nom. Prethee doe:
Our nets, boates, oares, and hookes shall now goe play,
For heauen hath sworne to make this holyday.

Act. 5. Scen. 6.

Enter Dicaus, Tyrinthus, Thalander, Olinda, Perindus, Glaucilla, Alcippus, Chorus.

Song.

Hymen, Hymen, come safe on, Hymen.
That I loue for euer constant stands,
Where hearts are tied before the hands,
Where faire vertue marries beauty,
And affection pleads for duty:
Hymen, Hymen, come safe on Hymen.

Al. You honourd paire of fishers, see where your loue,
So full of constant triall now hath brought you,
See, blessed soules, through so many teares,
Turnings, despaires, impossibilities,
Your loue is now most safe arriu'd: *Thalander,*
Is this the Nymph, whom heauen and angry hell,
Her cold desires, and colder death it selfe
Would haue deuoured from thy deseruing loue?
Thalander, these hands are thine, that heauenly face,
Those starrie eyes, those roses and that grace,
Those corrall lips, and that vnknowne breast,
And all the hidden riches of the rest:
They all are thine, thine is the faire *Olinda.*
Yet thou, as thou wast wont, all sad and heauy?

Tha. Blame me not, friend: for yet I seeme forsaken
And doubt I sleepe, and feare still to be waken.

Enter Pas, *with* Cancrone *and* Scrocca.

Cos. Now is the time of pardon. Ye happie maids,
Your loue in spight of all tempestuous seas,
Is safe arriu'd, and harbors in his ease,

And

And all those stormes haue got but this at last,
To sweeten present ioyes with sorrowes past.
Blessed *Olinda*, thou hast got a loue
Equall to heauen, and next to highest *Ioue*.
Glaucilla, thy losse thou now dost full recouer.
Ah you haue found (too seldome found) a louer.
Then doe not her too rigorously reproue,
For louing those whom you yet better loue.
Olin. For vs, we iudge not of your hard intent,
But reckon your ioyes fatall instrument.
Dica. Yet this her penance: *Cosma*, marke thy censure,
Whom most thou shouldest loue, thou shalt loue neuer
Dote thou on dotards, they shall hold thee euer:
The best and wisest neuer shall respect thee,
Thon onely fooles, fooles onely shall affect thee.
Loose now those prisoners; so forward to the temple.
Exit Chorus.
Can. Ha braue Iudge, now Mistris mine, I must confesse.
Cos. This charme begins to worke already,
I loue this foole, and doate vpon him more,
Then euer vpon any man before:
Well, I must be content thus to be curst
And yet of louers, fooles are not the worst.
For howsoeuer boyes doe hoote and flout them,
The best and wisest oft haue fooles about them.
Can. I and many a fooles bable too, I warrant thee.
Sweete heart, shall we goe to bedde?
Cos. What, in the morning?
Can. Morning? tis night.
Cos. Thou art a foole indeede, seest not the sunne?
Can. Why that's a candle or the moone, I prethee let's goe to bed.
Cos. Content; no time vnfit for play,
Loue knowes no difference twixt night and day.
Can. Nay, all the play's done, gentles, you may goe,
I haue another play within to doe.

Riddle

Bada

Riddle me, Riddle me, what's that?
My play is worke enough; my worke is play,
I see to worke i'th' night, and rest 'ith' day:
Since then my play and worke is all but one,
Well may my play begin, now yours is done.

Exeunt.

EPILOGVS.

AS in a Feast, so in a Comedy,
Two senses must be pleasd in both the eye,
In feasts, the eye and taste must be inuited,
In Comedies, the eye and eare delighted:
And he that onely seekes to please but eyther,
While both he doth not please, he pleaseth neyther.
What euer feast could euery guest content,
When at t'each man each taste is different?
But lesse a Scene, where nought but as 'tis newer,
Can please, where guests are more, and dishes fewer:
Yet in this thought, this thought the Author eas'd,
Who once made all, all rules, all newer pleas'd.
Faine would we please the best, if not the many,
And sooner will the best be pleas'd then any:
Our rest we set in pleasing of the best,
So wish we you, what you may giue vs: Rest.

FINIS.